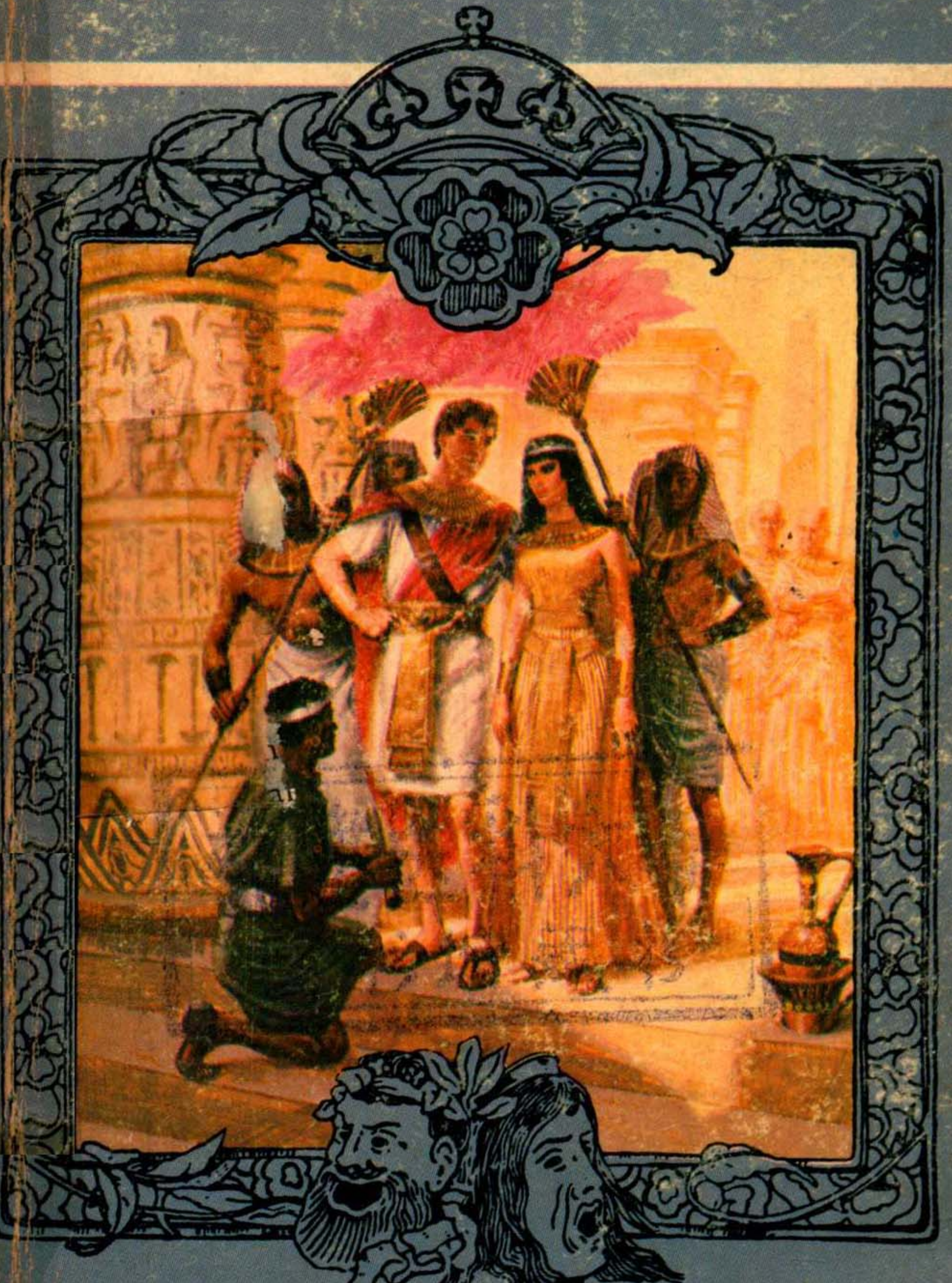
CLASSICS SERIES S11 AIRMONT 60c

William Shakespeare

1564 NON SANS DROICT 1616

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



O. H. Rudzik, *Introduction* / Lucy M. Fitzpatrick, *Notes*

William Shakespeare

[redacted]

TO THE R

THIS FIGURE, THAT THO
IT WAS FOR GENTLE S
WHEREIN THE GRAV
WITH NATURE, TO OU
O, COULD HE BUT HAVE DRAWN HIS WIT
AS WELL IN BRASS, AS HE HATH HIT
HIS FACE; THE PRINT WOULD THEN SURPASS
ALL, THAT WAS EVER WRIT IN BRASS.
BUT, SINCE HE CANNOT, READER, LOOK,
NOT ON HIS PICTURE, BUT HIS BOOK.

BEN: JONSON.

The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man and nature. Without denying man's need for Grace, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

> *"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!*
> *how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how*
> *express and admirable! in action how like an angel!*
> *in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world!*
> *the paragon of animals!"*

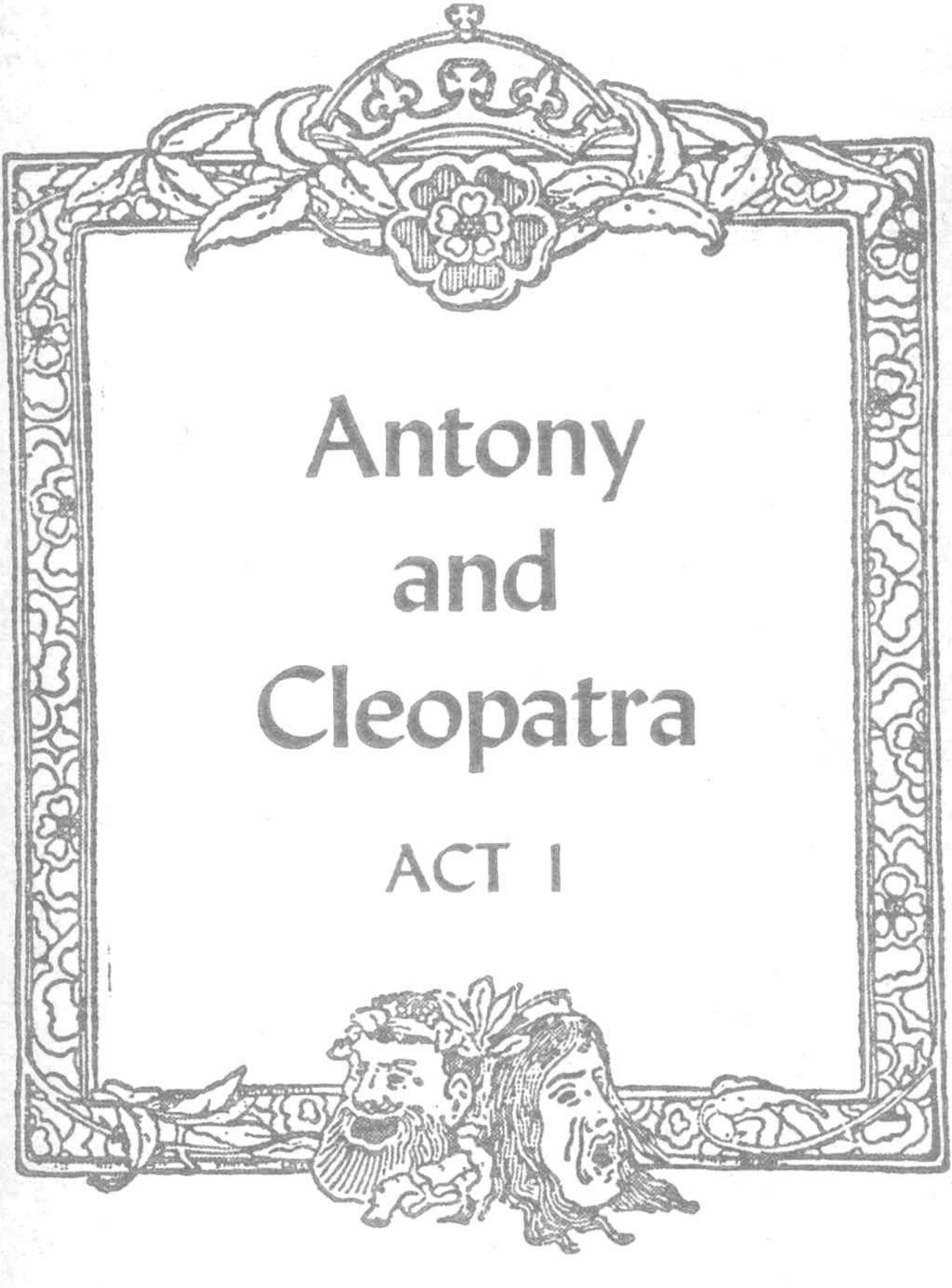
[redacted]

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge, and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

Edited with Introduction and Suggestions for Study by O. H. Rudzik

Notes Edited by Lucy Mabry Fitzpatrick

AN AIRMONT CLASSIC
Published by Airmont Publishing Co., Inc.



Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

ACT I

ANTONY'S INFATUATION with the Queen of Egypt dismays and disgusts his soldiers. His revels with Cleopatra are interrupted by an embassy from Rome, much to Antony's annoyance. He dismisses it. But a second message arrives, this time to inform him that his wife is dead—and this gives him pause. He resolves to return to Rome to mend his political fences. The son of Pompey the Great has challenged Rome's leaders, controls the seas, and is making a rapid recovery of his father's former position. Cleopatra is disturbed by the prospect of Antony's going but cannot sway him from this despite her wiles. In Rome, Cæsar catalogues Antony's debauches and excesses to the third member of the triumvirate, Lepidus; but, despite all this, Antony is badly needed at this point to stand off Pompey. In Alexandria, Cleopatra frets impatiently at her lover's absence and sends a barrage of messengers after him.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

PHILO.

Nay, but this dotage[1] of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war[2]
Have glow'd like plated Mars,[3] now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view[4]
Upon a tawny front:[5] his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,[6]

---

[1] **dotage:** doting fondness.
[2] **files and musters of the war:** ranks of soldiers drawn up for battle.
[3] **like plated Mars:** like an armored god of war.
[4] **The office and devotion of their view:** their devoted service.
[5] **tawny front:** dark-skinned face.
[6] **reneges all temper:** denies or renounces all qualities of nobility.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

William Shakespeare: His Life, Times, and Theatre

HIS LIFE

The world's greatest poet and playwright, often called the greatest Englishman, was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire in the year 1564. An entry in the *Stratford Parish Register* gives his baptismal date as April 26. Since children were usually baptized two or three days after birth, it is reasonable to assume that he was born on or about April 23—an appropriate day, being the feast of St. George, the patron saint of England.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover and dealer in wool and farm products, who had moved to Stratford from Snitterfield, four miles distant, some time before 1552. During his early years in Stratford his business prospered, enabling him to acquire substantial property, and to take his place among the more considerable citizens of the town. In 1557 he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy landowner of Wilmcote, not far from Stratford. Two daughters were born to them before William's birth, but both died in infancy. William was thus their third child, though the eldest of those who survived infancy. After him were born Gilbert, Joan, Anne, Richard, and Edmund.

Very little is positively known about Shakespeare's boyhood and education. We know that for some years after William's birth his father's rise in Stratford society and municipal affairs continued. Many local offices came to him in rapid succession: aletaster, burgess, assessor of fines, chamberlain, high bailiff, alderman, and chief alderman in 1571. As the son of a man of such eminence in Stratford, Shakespeare undoubtedly attended the local Grammar School. This he was entitled to do free of charge, his father being a town councilor. It is probable that he covered the usual Elizabethan curriculum: an "A B C book," the catechism in Latin and English, Latin grammar, the translation of Latin authors, and perhaps some Greek grammar and translation as well. But family circumstances appear to have curtailed his formal education before it was complete. About the year 1578, having gone heavily into debt, John Shakespeare lost two large farms inherited by his wife from her father. Thereafter, he was involved in a series of lawsuits, and lost his post on the Stratford town council. Matters got steadily worse for him, until finally, in 1586, he was declared a bankrupt. But by this time the future poet-dramatist was already a family man himself.

In 1582, in the midst of his father's legal and financial crises, Shakespeare married Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway (recently deceased) of the village of Shottery near Stratford. The *Episcopal Register* for the Diocese of Worcester contains their marriage record, dated November 28, 1582; he was then in his eighteenth year, his wife in her twenty-sixth. On May 26 of the following year the *Stratford Parish Register* recorded the baptism of their first child, Susanna; and on February 2, 1585, the baptism of a twin son and daughter named Hamnet and Judith.

These facts are all that are known of Shakespeare's early life. How he supported his family, how long he continued to live in Stratford, we do not know for certain.

But however he may have occupied himself in the interim, we know that by 1592 he was already a budding actor and playwright in London. In that year Robert Greene in his autobiographical pamphlet *A Groatsworth of Wit,* referring to the young actors and menders of old plays who were, it seemed to him, gaining undeserved glory from the labours of their betters (both by acting their plays and by rewriting them), wrote as follows:

> Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart, wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum,* is in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a countrey.

"Shakescene" is clearly Shakespeare. The phrase "upstart Crow" probably refers to his country origins and his lack of university education. "Beautified with our feathers" probably means that he uses the older playwrights' words for his own aggrandisement either in plays in which he acts or in those he writes himself. "Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde" is a parody of a line in III *Henry VI,* one of the earliest plays ascribed to Shakespeare. And the Latin phrase *Johannes factotum,* meaning Jack-of-all-trades, suggests that he was at this time engaged in all sorts of theatrical jobs: actor, poet, playwright, and perhaps manager as well.

Greene died shortly after making this scurrilous attack on the young upstart from Stratford, and so escaped the resentment of those he had insulted. But Henry Chettle, himself a minor dramatist, who had prepared Greene's manuscript for the printer, in his *Kind-Harts Dreame* (1592), apologized to Shakespeare for his share in the offence:

> I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he excelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his Art.

Thus, in a very indirect manner and because of an attack upon him by an irascible dying man, we learn that Shakespeare at this time was in fact held in high regard by "divers of worship," that is, by many of high birth, as an upright, honest young man of pleasant manners and manifest skill as actor, poet, and playwright.

Although Shakespeare by 1593 had written, or written parts of, some five or six plays, it was as a non-dramatic poet that he first appeared in print. *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece,* long narrative poems, both bearing Shakespeare's name, were published in 1593 and 1594 respectively. But thereafter for the next twenty years he wrote almost nothing but drama. Long before his death in 1616, his name held such magic for the public that merely to print it on the title page of any play assured its popular acclaim. The "upstart Crow" had come a long way since 1592.

He had come a long way, too, from the economic straits that may well have driven him to London many years before. We know, for example, from the records of tax assessments that by 1596 Shakespeare was already fairly well-to-do. But his life during this time was not quite unclouded. His only son, Hamnet, died in 1596 at the age of eleven years, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. All three were buried in Stratford. More happily he saw, in 1607, the marriage of his daughter Susanna to Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford, and, in the following year, the baptism of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford appears to have been gradual, but by 1613, if not earlier, he seems to have settled there, though he still went up to London occasionally. On March 25, apparently already ill, Shakespeare revised and signed his will, among other bequests leaving to his wife his "second best bed with the furniture." A month later he was dead, dying on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, on April 26.

HIS TIMES

Shakespeare lived during the English Renaissance, that age of transition that links the Mediaeval and the Modern world. Inheriting the rich traditions of the Middle Ages in art, learning, religion, and politics, rediscovering the great legacies of classical culture, the men of the Renaissance went on to new and magnificent achievements in every phase of human endeavour. No other period in history saw such varied and prolific development and expansion. And the reign of Elizabeth I (1558-1603), Shakespeare's age, was the High Renaissance in England.

During the Middle Ages theology had dominated education, but now the language, literature, and philosophy of the ancient world, the practical arts of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and training in morals, manners, and gymnastics assumed the major roles in both school and university—in other words, an education that fitted one for life in the world here and now replaced one that looked rather to the life hereafter. Not that the spiritual culture of man was neglected. Indeed, it took on a new significance, for as life in this world acquired new meaning and value, religion assumed new functions, and new vitality to perform them, as the bond between the Creator and a new kind of creation.

It was, of course, the old creation—man and nature—but it was undergoing great changes. The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world, which was also "fallen," as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man, nature, and the things of this life. Without denying man's need for Grace and the value of the means of salvation provided by the Church, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now, and that God had given them for man to enjoy.

HIS THEATRE

There were many playhouses in Shakespeare's London. The first was built in 1576 by James Burbage and was called the *Theatre.* It was built like an arena, with a movable platform at one end, and had no seats in the pit, but had benches in the galleries that surrounded it. It was built of wood, and cost about £200. Other famous playhouses of Shakespeare's time included the Curtain, the Bull, the Rose, the Swan, the Fortune, and, most famous of them all, the Globe. It was built in 1599 by the sons of James Burbage, and it was here that most of Shakespeare's plays were performed. Since more is known about the Globe than most of the others, I shall use it as the basis of the brief account that follows of the Elizabethan playhouse.

As its name suggests, the Globe was a circular structure (the second Globe, built in 1614 after the first burned down, was octagonal). Open to the sky, somewhat like a modern football or baseball stadium, though much smaller, it had three tiers of galleries surrounding the central "yard" or pit, and a narrow roof over the top gallery. But most interesting from our viewpoint was the stage—or rather *stages*—which was very different from that of most modern theatres. These have the familiar "picture-frame" stage: a raised platform at one end of the auditorium, framed by curtains and footlights, and viewed only from the front like a picture. Shakespeare's stage was very different.

The main stage, or *apron* as it was called, jutted well out into the pit, and did not extend all the way across from side to side. There was an area on either side for patrons to sit or stand in, so that actors performing on the apron could be viewed from three sides instead of one. In addition, there was an inner stage, a narrow rectangular recess let into the wall behind the main stage. When not in use it could be closed by a curtain drawn across in front; when open it could be used for interior scenes, arbor scenes, tomb and anteroom scenes and the like. On either side of this inner stage were doors through which the main stage was entered. Besides the inner and outer stages, there were no fewer than four other areas where the action of the play, or parts of it, might be performed. Immediately above the inner stage, and corresponding to it in size and shape, was another room with its front exposed. This was used for upstairs scenes, or for storage when not otherwise in use. In front of this was a narrow railed gallery, which could be used for balcony scenes, or ones requiring the walls of a castle or the ramparts of a fortress. On either side of it and on the same level was a window-stage, so-called because it consisted of a small balcony enclosed by windows that opened on hinges. This permitted actors to stand inside and speak from the open windows to others on the main stages below. In all, it was a very versatile multiple stage and gave the dramatist and producer much more freedom in staging than most modern theatres afford. It is interesting to note that some of the new theatres today have revived certain of the features of the Elizabethan stage.

Very little in the way of scenery and backdrops was used. The dramatist's words and the imagination of the audience supplied the lack of scenery. Usually a few standard stage props were on hand: trestles and boards to form a table, benches and chairs, flagons, an altar, artificial trees, weapons, a man's severed head, and a few other items. Costumes were usually elaborate, though no attempt was made to reproduce the dress of the time and place portrayed in the play.

Play production in Shakespeare's time was clearly very different from that of ours, but we need have no doubts about the audience's response to what they saw and heard on stage. They came, they saw, and the dramatist conquered, for they kept coming back for more and more. And despite the opposition that the theatre encountered from Puritans and others, who thought it the instrument of Satan, the theatre in Shakespeare's time flourished as one of the supreme glories of a glorious age.

—DAVID G. PITT
Memorial University of Newfoundland

INTRODUCTION TO *Antony and Cleopatra*

THE TEXT AND ITS SOURCE

Seven years after Shakespeare's death, two of his friends published a commemorative collected edition of his dramatic works. *Antony and Cleopatra* is one of the several plays that first appeared in published form in this First Folio. The text seems to have been set up directly from the author's manuscript; the printed version of the play is consequently a good one and close to what the Elizabethans must have seen when the play was first performed. A contemporary playwright, Daniel, had been influenced by Shakespeare's play to introduce some imitative changes into his rhymed tragedy of *Cleopatra*, published in this revised form in 1607. In the following year, an entry appeared in the Stationers' Register (a condition, then, for any publication) for the intended printing of "A booke Called Antony and Cleopatra." This may have been what is known as a blocking entry (to prevent anyone else from printing a profitable play when theatrical copyright was nonexistent), since such an edition has not been found. It does, however, give good evidence of the play's existence at this time, and, perhaps, of its popularity.

Shakespeare's original source stands unusually close to the play itself. Antony and Cleopatra were, by the time of the Renaissance, popular legendary figures—a pair of great lovers. This must have influenced Shakespeare's framing of the play, but its material—its political content and the point of departure for its characterizations—is not to be found in popular preconceptions. As in his other "Roman" plays, Shakespeare turned to one of the great literary achievements of his age, Sir Thomas North's translation, at several removes, of Plutarch's *Lives* of Greek and Roman political leaders. He had already used three of these lives as the raw material for his drama on the assassination of Julius Caesar; later, he was to use the history again for the pre-Caesarean figure of the Roman patrician, Coriolanus. But his most remarkable use of this classical text was in the transmutation of the later part of the Life of Antonius into the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*. To notice some of the important elements in this metamorphosis is a good way toward the recognition of one of Shakespeare's most puzzling dramatic statements, and an equally good way to avoid an over-hasty decision as to what sort of statement we can allow ourselves about it. Simply for the sake of convenience, let us work from the easily discerned to the more difficult, from the words to the several layers of function and meaning they set up.

The Vehicle of Language

The Elizabethan stage was bare and immediate. What went on did so literally projected into the audience, and though spectacle had its effect—costumes could cost more than the playwright—the drama consisted of its words. These had to be arresting in the first instance:

> Nay, but this dotage of our general's
> O'erflows the measure . . .

But they also had to fall into their proper place, to carry the action forward, to fill out the frame of motive and behavior that create dramatic characterization; finally to leave a final impression of totality and an over-all achieved meaning:

> . . . Come, Dolabella, see
> High order in this great solemnity.

In the particular case of *Antony and Cleopatra*, there are two points immediately to be made. The first involves Shakespeare's increasing abandoning of that final refuge of spectacle, the rhetorical spell of language itself. Nowhere in this play are there excisable portions which, although rich in their proper context, can be extracted to stand as independent pieces of verse. Few moments of soliloquy occur. Instead, the language and the characterizations are inescapably dramatic; each functions in its necessary context. The verbal texture is not barren, far from it. But it is always relevant and appropriate, highly charged when the emotional pressures increase, swift and sure otherwise, never there for its own allure.

This observation seems to lead to a paradox in raising the second point—what appears to be an unusual fidelity by the dramatist to the actual language of his source in North's *Plutarch*. As a famous example, there is the almost Oriental splendor to the words in which Enobarbus recalls how Cleopatra first met Antony on the Cydnus; by juxtaposing the play and the history, one seems to find a duplication. One almost seems to find it here, and generally throughout the play, and this is perhaps the temptation: to find in this apparent fidelity to the source a total correspondence. But if we take Enobarbus' address, we must notice immediately how the lushness is dramatically appropriate, its splendor all the brighter in the neutrally colored world of Rome and in its delivery by the normally self-possessed Roman officer. Clearly, Cleopatra's effect is theatrical even in reminiscence. The dramatic purpose is being served even in what seems transcription from North. But let us consider just how Shakespeare does transfer the account from the history into the play. The relevant passage in North begins:

> She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the owers of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of flutes, howboys, eythern, violls, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. . . .

What Shakespeare adds is the opulence, the sensual animation that provides the leading clue to Cleopatra's eternal fascination. In Enobarbus' opening words, the italicized words are the dramatist's, and it is these that re-create the famous journey for the soldiers and for us:

> *The barge she sat in, like a burnisht throne,*
> *Burnt on the water:* the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, *and so perfumed that*
> *The winds were love-sick with them;* the oars were silver
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, *and made*
> *The water which they beat to follow faster,*
> *As amorous of their strokes* . . .

But even more than that: after a good beginning, there must come at least as good an ending. In North, the account ends simply, possibly with a touch of the comic:

> Others also rann out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there rann such multitudes of people one after another, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his Imperiall seate to give audience.

But notice how Shakespeare fixes the scene essentially so that the few simple words added point beyond the spectacle, whether visual or verbal. Just as in the historical account, the newly arrived conqueror has been abandoned for a better show going on around the corner. Cleopatra has upstaged the Roman; he, left to himself, is not so much one of the three imperial world-shakers but a man, bored and idly whistling to himself, whom the Egyptian queen is to capture that very night:

> The city cast
> Her people out upon her; and Antony,
> Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
> *Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,*
> *Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too*
> *And made a gap in nature.*

In selecting a deliberately limited example, we have noticed how the given facts are changed into a new dramatic reality. In this case, it has been a sample of language. But the situation is equally true for the larger aspects of the play as well, and these must be examined to provide the very groundwork of the play's meaning. This involves considering Shakespeare's dramatic conversion of the story itself and of its political and its personal substance.

The "History" of Antony

Plutarch set up a parallel series of lives, Greek against Roman. In this way, the course of Greek history could illuminate and, at the same time, give anticipatory warnings for the course of Roman political development. Plutarch's history then is both biographically founded—it explains the flow of events through the men who make these events, men who win or lose by them—and it offers a moral evaluation through these biographies. Both these aspects are important and we shall consider them later, but there occurs a prior difficulty when we think of the drama that is to use such material. The very obvious problem is in the fact that the source is history, and history tells a story, no matter how sophisticatedly moral. A narrative with some dramatic possibilities has to be cast into a dramatic structure where narration must be kept to a minimum. There is only one description of Cleopatra's barge, we remember, for the theatre cannot exposit in place of demonstrating.

Such a challenge faces any dramatist who uses a story and tries to give it a dramatically convincing form. But what makes the task so very much more difficult here is the vastness of the narrative involved. The dimensions of time and space that frame Antony's story reveal the degree of concentration necessary to shrink all the years of Antony's rule and its extent from Rome to Alexandria into their imaginative equivalent on the stage. These dimensions have to be maintained constantly present, for they do much to make up Antony. Perhaps even more fundamental is the nature of the account of Antony, plainly visible in Plutarch's history—the decline of one man's fortunes and the rise of another's. Circumstances and situations help chronicle this downward progression for Antony and the corresponding consolidation of the empire under Octavius Caesar. It is all narrative, however, and the story has little dramatic meaning in the way of genuine moments of choice, decision, alteration. Where these seem to be found in the play, they owe their presence to the dramatist and not the historian.

Shakespeare's effective solution for this determinedly narrative and extendedly vast account was, however, brilliantly simple. He had to avoid complicated means, for the political struggles, the battles, the comings and goings were in themselves enough complication for any dramatic representation. But, at the same time, the patterning of all this bulk of events and places had to be integral; an externally imposed framework would add one further and dangerously extraneous complication to any possible final meaning. What the play then consists of, what in one real sense *is* the play, Shakespeare gave us in contrast. This ties in all the scenes, gives them a means of relating to each other, and, most importantly, provides a clear explanation of what it is that is constant under all the numerous changes of place and time. The contrast is between Rome and Alexandria and the empires each represents. The contrast is between Octavius Caesar and Cleopatra as each symbolizes his and her own world and its attitudes and ambitions. The contrast is, finally, Antony himself and the basic dramatic action, that of Antony's oscillation between the two. The separate elements, the cities, the years, that make up Antony's hesitancies are the narrative as it is absorbed into the play. The motivation, presentation, and final resolution (or the impossibility of any such resolving) of this contrast in Antony is, in its sum, the drama. What remains is to define more closely the nature of this contrast and its consequences.

The Imperial Theme

Antony and Cleopatra is a Roman play. In this light, it forms the conclusion to the events set in action at the murder of Julius Caesar, in the play named after him. There Antony was first met—more politically adroit than the republican Brutus, more capable of utilizing the social chaos consequent to the assassination than were the self-divided conspirators. His regret and sorrow for the murdered man were genuine but opportune as well to his own advancement. On the other hand, his military colleague, the young Octavius, was the truer embodiment of the new political age founded by Caesar's death; Octavius early gives signs of being even more efficient, more capable in questions of empire, chiefly, perhaps, because of his unswerving determination.

So far as Octavius is the symbolic center for this newly forming world, Antony stands in contrast to him, and does so in two distinct though significantly related ways. His is the failure as against the final and politically complete triumph of Caesar, but "failure" is ambivalent in the world set up in the play. Antony fails, and provides a foil to Caesar, both because he is less and more than his rival. We meet him at what is close to the nadir of his manhood: his soldiers find him besotted and Antony's high-flown addresses to his mistress only confirm the justice of their opinion. His marveling at Caesar's swiftness is the paralyzed fascination of a victim before the predator. In all this, his debauches, his military incapacities, his foolish rashness, he emphasizes his rival's efficiency and effectiveness.

Yet out of this very collapse of Antony's fortunes, out of the total humiliation he must face, emerges the paradoxical impression of his greater majesty, of his being more the imperial figure than Octavius could be. Antony is driven back upon himself, cut off as he is from victory, Cleopatra, from any possible escape. What he recovers in this forced self-confrontation is recognition of himself, but of a self to which his behavior all through the play has stood in contrast. The heroic Antony who shames Enobarbus into death and impresses his rival posthumously is just as far from the figure and attitudes of an Octavius as the aging rake was. But now it is Octavius who must be judged the less. Antony's offering to fight his opponent single-handed is overtly foolish, if not a shade bombastic as well. Yet the rhetoric of the act is what will help Antony regain a self-regard, a dignity he once possessed that now is in elegiac contrast to a world of political advantage and self-seeking. Antony's royalty is in external contrast to Octavius' sentimental solemnity. Even more, it is a contrast to Antony's own previous degradation and futility and a victory over these:

> . . . I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' world,
> The noblest; and do now not basely die,
> Not cowardly put off my helmet to
> My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
> Valiantly vanquisht. Now my spirit is going;
> I can no more.

The Title

In this important way, Antony's story is Roman in its contrast of the old and the new Rome and in its tragic confrontation of the two, where the heroic and the efficient cannot correspond. Not for Brutus earlier, nor for Antony here and for Octavius any such correspondence is immaterial except as political strategy. But Antony's story, no matter how closely studied, will not give us the play. Indeed, when isolated, Antony's presence can become too emphatic, make the play too much a question of Rome and its empire. It is not the Life of Antonius that Shakespeare is presenting but the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra. Now, to a certain extent, Cleopatra's role can be assimilated to the political structure we have been examining. Her Asiatic world, with its frivolity, sensuality, and self-indulgence, is the most forcible expression of Antony's separation from Rome and from that in him which once was valiantly Roman. Just as Brutus' idealism was too self-divided to withstand Antony's clever determination, so now Antony suffers the same suicidal division between his honor and his infatuation for the queen. Octavius wins if only on grounds of economy of aims and ambitions.

Still, there is Cleopatra. Cleopatra shares the title of the play with Antony—she equally shares the weight of the play's meaning. Politically, Cleopatra is what has helped Antony degrade himself and what stands as an obstacle in Caesar's way; in both cases, she is a contrast to Roman valor and achievement. Tragically, she is more important, for she is no longer a moral lesson—somebody for Romans to avoid if they are to make good and win empires. The problem, however, once we leave behind politics and its simplicities, is to avoid the equally misleading simplicities so tempting in the personal relation of Antony and Cleopatra. There are two easy extremes—to take Cleopatra as the accomplished courtesan finally hounded into death, once no other choice exists, or to indulge in an "all-for-love" sentimentality on behalf of the two dead lovers. The trouble is that, in a way, both are there and it is only by somehow accepting both that we can preserve the play's richness of meaning.

Antony in his death can recover his former honor, seal with it his personal heroism and calmly accept his fate. To him now, Cleopatra is no longer an excuse for passion but a happily accepted part of this fate. The tragedy one senses in this is, in a sense, almost external to Antony, and emerges from Antony's obsolescence in the new empire where the tragic and failure are to become synonymous. With Cleopatra, there is no question of recovery or of reconciliation with a code of honor alien to her. What she must do is to imitate Antony, but in terms true to herself. This is what justifies her act and prevents any sense of the anticlimactic, despite Antony's removal. For what we witness is the last contrast worked, and perhaps the most important. It is a rich one, for it comprehends the furthest separation of Octavius and Antony, who is now acted out in Cleopatra's death. She echoes Antony, in words and resolution, but these confirm, in all her deliberate separation from what she once was, the Cleopatra who fascinated Antony: she woos death, eludes Caesar, and escapes with her grace intact. Again there is not any real sense of waste and anguish in the presence of her death, not any more than in Antony's. Partly this is so because their deaths become them more than what had become of their lives; partly, perhaps, because of their deliberate choice of death and its pursuit even through the unpropitious. Antony's bungled suicide, Cleopatra's dodges to escape Caesar carry the past traces of their degradation to the very threshold of escape.

There does remain, if not a tragic grief, certainly a quality of tragic sadness. This is perhaps the complex reward of the play, to offer not a political lesson, not a morality, but a presentation of a brightness that is not to be dismissed as illusion nor to be accepted as finally real. Antony and Cleopatra find their epitaph not so much in Caesar's solemnity as in the pity of:

> Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
> And we are for the dark.

The final tragic effect is possibly just this—the admission of the truth of illusion in the very recognition of its deception. Antony and Cleopatra deceive themselves in their dying; the wonder is that they also deceive an audience perfectly aware of this.

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STUDY QUESTIONS

Act I

1. Describe Antony as he is presented at the beginning of the drama, both directly and by report. Do the same for Cleopatra.

2. What is the political situation as the action of the play begins? Include the triumvirate, Fulvia, and Pompey in your consideration. Discuss how the contrast and antagonism of the Roman and the Egyptian worlds is developed dramatically.

3. Discuss the means by which Cleopatra manages to keep Antony by her side. Include in your discussion some indication of how Shakespeare converts the limitation of some Elizabethan theatrical conventions (boy actors, lack of scenic effects) to reinforce his conception of Cleopatra.

4. Describe fully the initial contrast established between Caesar and Antony. Amplify and/or modify this contrast as the play proceeds.

Act II

1. Describe the details of the first encounter in the play between Caesar and Antony. How are the meeting and its consequences broadened in scope and implication by the officers of each leader?

2. Try to decide how honest are Caesar's motives and intentions in marrying his sister to Antony. Consider what we know of Caesar's character and actions and his later conduct in this matter (especially Act III, Scene ii).

3. Consider carefully the account of Antony's initial meeting with Cleopatra. Why is this extended description given to us by Enobarbus? Enumerate Shakespeare's departures from Plutarch and establish their dramatic effect.

4. What does Enobarbus offer as the explanation of Cleopatra's hold on Antony? Compare your answer to question three, Act I.

5. What is the dramatic purpose and effect of the soothsayer's words to Antony?

6. Discuss Cleopatra's scene with the messenger in terms of its dramatic purpose. What does it indicate about the Egyptian court (as against the Roman) and about Cleopatra herself? Consider in this regard Cleopatra's later encounter with this messenger in Act III, Scene iii.

7. What does the encounter with Pompey reveal about Antony, Pompey himself, and Roman political morality? Consider the first scene in the next act in the light of your answer.

Act III

1. What are the first indications of the newly emerging rift between Caesar and Antony? Give Antony's grievances and Caesar's justifications and counter-accusations.

2. What are the signs of Antony's likely failure in the coming battles with Caesar? Consider the dramatic purpose and effectiveness of the unnamed soldier who offers unaccepted military advice to Antony.

3. How is the course of the battles and of the entire war handled in terms of Elizabethan dramatic conventions? How does this fit in with the over-all structure of the play's development? Discuss how Shakespeare compresses and shapes the long campaign between Rome and Egypt so as to create narrative straightforwardness and dramatic effectiveness.

4. Discuss the extremes of Antony's behavior in reaction to his first defeat—his anger, his desperation, his reckless determination. What are the conclusions drawn by Caesar, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus, and what does the reaction of each of these represent in the action of the play?

5. What is the effect, on the other characters and on the audience, of Antony's offering a personal challenge to Caesar?

6. What is the low point of the decline of Antony's character? the low point of his fortunes?

Act IV

1. What use is made of the supernatural in this act? Describe its presentation in terms of the Elizabethan theatre.

2. Discuss the desertion of Enobarbus in regard to the light it throws on the characters and actions of Antony and Caesar. What do his remorse and death contribute to the mood and theme of the play at this point?

3. Describe the second battle as to:

a) its dramatic presentation and positioning;
b) Antony's reaction;
c) its importance in the total war.

4. How is Antony finally defeated? Describe Antony's reaction, both immediately and afterwards, and Cleopatra's.

5. Describe carefully Antony's death. Consider particularly Antony's resignation and calm melancholy, his last humiliation, and the effect his death leaves on the audience. In the dialogue between Antony and Cleopatra, what insights are provided of each? Examine carefully Cleopatra's lament over the dead man to see what modifications are necessary to our understanding of her.

Act V

1. What are Caesar's purposes as to Cleopatra? How does he attempt to insure the success of these? How does Cleopatra arrive at the full knowledge of these?

2. Compare Caesar's epitaph for Antony with Cleopatra's in the previous act. What do we learn of each speaker, and what insights are given to us of Antony by each speaker?

3. Discuss the dramatic role and your interpretation of Cleopatra's argument with Seleutus.

4. Through careful reading, indicate how Shakespeare unites the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra by means of:

a) significant echoes of imagery and phrasing;
b) a parallel preparation for the escape offered by death;
c) Cleopatra's deliberate effort to imitate her lover's heroism.

5. Describe the metamorphosis that Cleopatra attempts before her death to prepare for Antony. Include both her attempt to recapture a splendid past and her anticipation of triumph. Does Cleopatra, in your opinion, achieve this tragic triumph? Indicate clearly the evidence for your opinion, including your evaluation of the total characterization of Cleopatra as the play presents her.

6. What is the dramatic effect of Caesar's last address over the dead Cleopatra? Consider this effect both from the political and from the personal or tragic point of view.

General

1. Describe what you consider to be the significant elements comprising the dramatic structure of *Antony and Cleopatra.* Consider the relative importance of the narrative, expository, descriptive, and dramatic components of the play and their inter-relationships. Relate this structure to the relevant conventions and techniques of the Elizabethan theatre.

2. What aspects of the play can be considered political or public, and which ones personal or private? How do they interact and produce a unified impression? What is the contribution of each to the tragic effect?

3. What dramatic problem is indicated by the title of the

play? What are the means used to overcome such difficulties and how successful are they?

4. Describe the contributing role of the language of the play (the imagery, the important symbols, the dialogues and the extended addresses) to your grasp of:

- a) the characterization, especially of the three central figures;
- b) the dramatic action;
- c) the thematic implications (the subject of the play);
- d) the final moral assessment, if any.

5. Try to describe, as accurately and as clearly as you can, the "tragedy" of the play. Include in your consideration the roles of Antony, Cleopatra, and Caesar, their development (exposition and changes, if any) and their final effect.

6. For each of the following, indicate the speaker (and what is revealed particularly about the speaker at this point) and the occasion (and its importance in the dramatic structure), as well as any significant stylistic features in the quotation:

a) Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
b) Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay . . .
c) Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
d) The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes . . .
e) I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.
f) No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them . . .

Suggestions for Further Reading

Harley Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare,* Second Series, (1930)

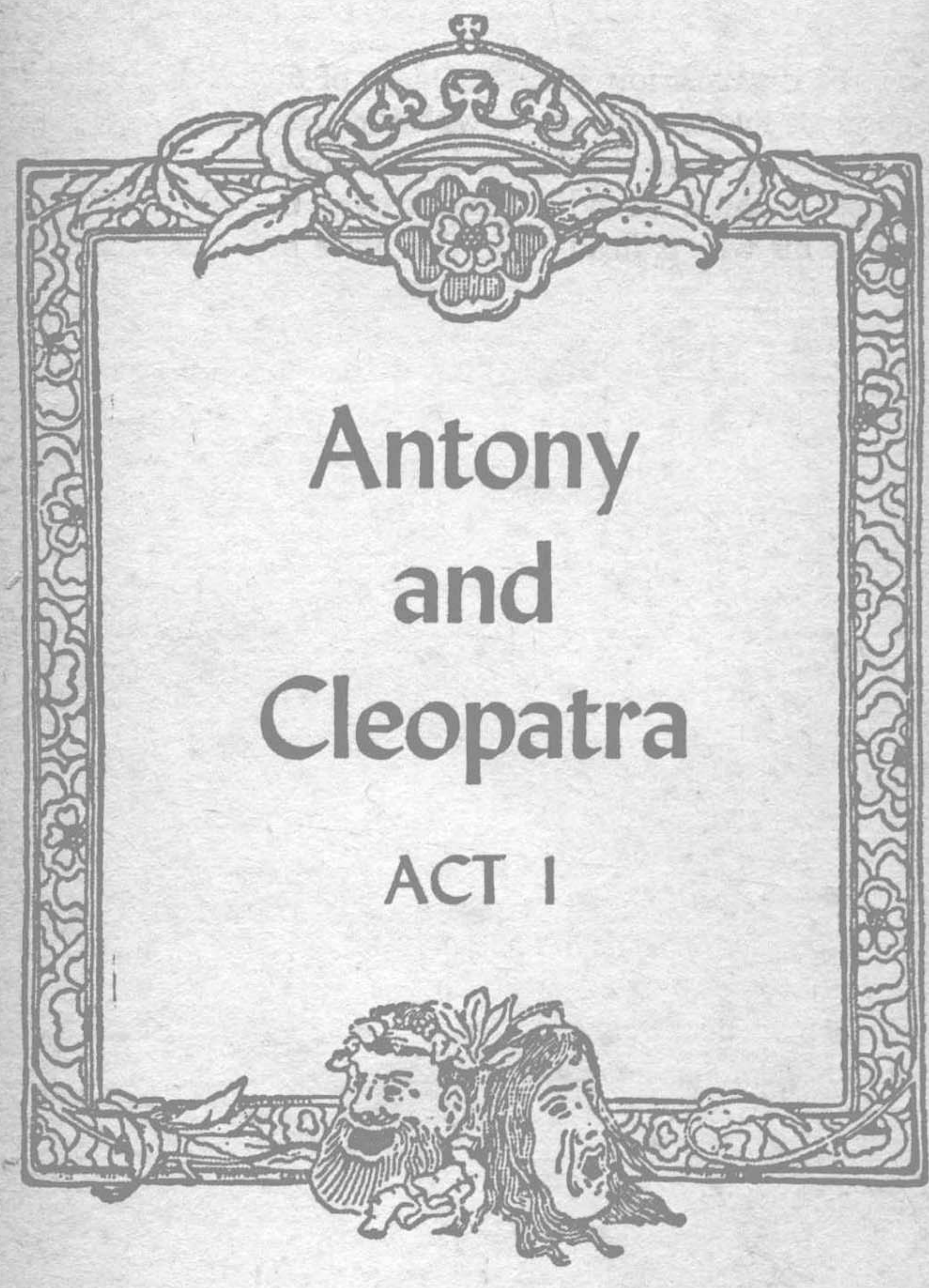
A. C. Bradley, "Antony and Cleopatra" in *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (1909)

M. R. Ridley, the Arden edition of the play, especially Appendix v, "Extracts from North's *Plutarch*", (1954)

Gerald Sanders, *A Shakespeare Primer* (1945)

M. W. McCallum, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays and their Background* (1910)

J. Dover Wilson, *The Essential Shakespeare* (1930)



Antony and Cleopatra

ACT I

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CAESAR, } *triumvirs.*
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS, } *friends to Antony.*
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MAECENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA, } *friends to Cæsar.*
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *friends to Pompey.*
VARRIUS,
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius' army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *attendants on Cleopatra.*
A SOOTHSAYER.
A CLOWN.
CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS,
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—*In several parts of the Roman empire.*

And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's[1] lust. [*Flourish within.*] Look where they
come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world [2] transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool:[3] behold and see.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *her* LADIES, *the* TRAIN, *with* EUNUCHS *fanning her.*

CLEOPATRA.
If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

MARK ANTONY.
There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEOPATRA.
I'll set a bourn[4] how far to be beloved.
Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.
News, my good lord, from Rome.

MARK ANTONY.
Grates me:—the sum.[5]

CLEOPATRA.
Nay, hear them,[6] Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded[7] Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in[8] that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

MARK ANTONY.
How, my love!

CLEOPATRA.
Perchance! nay, and most like:—

---

[1] **gipsy:** a term of derision for an Egyptian. [2] **The triple pillar of the world:** the triumvirs—Antony, Cæsar, and Lepidus. [3] **a strumpet's fool:** a harlot's jester. [4] **bourn:** limit; boundary. [5] **Grates me:—the sum:** this interruption annoys me—give me the gist of the message. [6] **them:** the news. [7] **scarce-bearded:** an allusion to Cæsar's youth (23). [8] **Take in:** subdue; conquer.

You must not stay here longer,—your dismission[1]
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? [2] Cæsar's I would say?—both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager:[3] else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia[4] scolds.—The messengers!

MARK ANTONY.

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire[5] fall! Here is my space.[6]
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy[7] earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair[8] [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet[9]
We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA.

Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

MARK ANTONY.

But stirr'd [10] by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound [11] the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch[12]
Without some pleasure now:—what sport tonight?

---

[1] dismission: dismissal. [2] process: legal summons. [3] homager: slave; one who pays homage to Cæsar. [4] shrill-tongued Fulvia: Antony's wife had a reputation for an ungovernable temper. [5] ranged empire: wide-ranging empire. [6] space: realm. [7] dungy: manured. [8] a mutual pair: i.e., a pair of lovers who exchange equal vows of love. [9] to weet: to know. [10] stirr'd: inspired. [11] confound: waste. [12] stretch: pass.

CLEOPATRA.

Hear the ambassadors.

MARK ANTONY.

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion[1] fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine;[2] and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities[3] of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA *with their* TRAIN.

DEMETRIUS.

Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

PHILO.

Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.[4]

DEMETRIUS.

I am full sorry
That he approves[5] the common liar,[6] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* SOOTHSAYER.

CHARMIAN.

Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute[7] Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge[1] his horns with garlands!

---

[1] **passion:** emotion. [2] **No messenger but thine:** that is, I am interested only in your words. [3] **qualities:** characteristics. [4] **He comes . . . Antony:** he falls short in upholding the noble image of a triumvir. [5] **approves:** corroborates; confirms. [6] **common liar:** gossip; rumor. [7] **absolute:** perfect.

ALEXAS.

Soothsayer,—

SOOTHSAYER.

Your will?

CHARMIAN.

Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTHSAYER.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

ALEXAS.

Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHARMIAN.

Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER.

I make not,[2] but forsee.

CHARMIAN.

Pray, then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER.

You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN.

He means in flesh.[3]

IRAS.

No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHARMIAN.

Wrinkles forbid!

---

[1] **charge:** load (*horns* refers to a cuckold).
[2] **I make not:** I do not cause events to occur.
[3] **in flesh:** plump.

ALEXAS.

Vex not his prescience;[1] be attentive.

CHARMIAN.

Hush!

SOOTHSAYER.

You shall be more beloving than beloved.

CHARMIAN.

I had rather heat my liver[2] with drinking.

ALEXAS.

Nay, hear him.

CHARMIAN.

Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry[3] may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTHSAYER.

You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN.

O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTHSAYER.

You have seen and proved [4] a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN.

Then belike[5] my children shall have no names:[6] prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTHSAYER.

If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

CHARMIAN.

Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.[7]

---

[1] **his prescience:** "his worship"—Delius (used mockingly). [2] **heat my liver:** arouse my passion (the liver was thought to be the seat of the emotions). [3] **Herod of Jewry:** a notorious tyrant. [4] **proved:** experienced. [5] **belike:** likely; possibly. [6] **have no names:** be illegitimate. [7] **I forgive thee for a witch:** I clear you of being a soothsayer.

ALEXAS.

You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.[1]

CHARMIAN.

Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS.

We'll know all our fortunes.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

IRAS.

There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHARMIAN.

E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus[2] presageth famine.

IRAS.

Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN.

Nay, if an oily palm[3] be not a fruitful prognostication,[4] I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee, tell her but a worky-day[5] fortune.

SOOTHSAYER.

Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS.

But how, but how? give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER.

I have said.

IRAS.

Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN.

Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS.

Not in my husband's nose.

---

[1] **are privy to your wishes:** know your secrets.

[2] **Nilus:** Nile.

[3] **oily palm:** a moist hand was supposed to be the sign of a generous (amorous) disposition.

[4] **fruitful prognostication:** foreteller of fertility.

[5] **worky-day:** ordinary day; workday.

CHARMIAN.

Our worser thoughts heavens mend!—Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go,[1] sweet Isis,[2] I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS.

Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! [3] for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum,[4] and fortune him accordingly!

CHARMIAN.

Amen.

ALEXAS.

Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'ld do't!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Hush! here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN.

Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA.

Saw you my lord?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

No, lady.

CLEOPATRA.

Was he not here?

---

[1] **cannot go:** cannot bear children.
[2] **Isis:** Egyptian goddess of fertility.
[3] **that prayer of the people:** i.e., that universal prayer.
[4] **keep decorum:** be a just goddess; do the right thing.

CHARMIAN.

No, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought[1] hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Madam?

CLEOPATRA.

Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's Alexas?

ALEXAS.

Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

CLEOPATRA.

We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *with a* MESSENGER *and* ATTENDANTS.

MESSENGER.

Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

MARK ANTONY.

Against my brother Lucius?

MESSENGER.

Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state[2]
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue[3] in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave[4] them.

MARK ANTONY.

Well, what worst?

MESSENGER.

The nature of bad news infects the teller.[5]

---

[1] **A Roman thought:** a thought of Rome and his duties to it.

[2] **the time's state:** the condition of the times; political necessity.

[3] **better issue:** greater success.

[4] **drave:** drove.

[5] **bad news infects the teller:** i.e., bad news reflects on the bearer of it and makes him appear bad.

MARK ANTONY.

When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:—
Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.[1]

MESSENGER.

Labienus—
This is stiff [2] news—hath, with his Parthian[3] force,
Extended [4] Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;[5]
Whilst—

MARK ANTONY.

Antony, thou wouldst say,—

MESSENGER.

O, my lord!

MARK ANTONY.

Speak to me home,[6] mince not the general tongue:[7]
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail [8] thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing.[9] Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER.

At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

MARK ANTONY.

From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

FIRST ATTENDANT.

The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

SECOND ATTENDANT.

He stays upon your will.

---

[1] **as he flatter'd:** as (readily) as if he flattered me. [2] **stiff:** grave. [3] **Parthian:** a warlike tribe of Iranian stock occupying the mountainous country southeast of the Caspian Sea. [4] **Extended:** seized upon. [5] **Lydia and Ionia:** countries in ancient Asia Minor. [6] **home:** directly to the point. [7] **mince . . . tongue:** do not minimize what the public is saying. [8] **Rail:** reproach me. [9] **then we . . . earing:** when our minds are idle we make many faults, but being told of these faults is as helpful as *earing* (plowing) under weeds.

MARK ANTONY.

Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters[1] I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another MESSENGER.

What are you?

SECOND MESSENGER.

Fulvia thy wife is dead.

MARK ANTONY.

Where died she?

SECOND MESSENGER.

In Sicyon:[2]
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know,[3] this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

MARK ANTONY.

Forbear me.[4]
[*Exit* SECOND MESSENGER.
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering,[5] does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting[6] queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness[7] doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

What's your pleasure, sir?

MARK ANTONY.

I must with haste from hence.

---

[1] **fetters:** chains (to Cleopatra). [2] **Sicyon:** an ancient city in the Peloponnesus where Antony had parted from Fulvia. [3] **Importeth thee to know:** it is important for you to know. [4] **Forbear me:** leave me. [5] **By revolution lowering:** lessening or changing in the course of time as the wheel of fortune turns. [6] **enchanting:** i.e., as a temptress. [7] **idleness:** dalliance.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

MARK ANTONY.

I must be gone.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity[1] to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise[2] of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:[3] I do think there is mettle[4] in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

MARK ANTONY.

She is cunning[5] past man's thought.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.[6]

MARK ANTONY.

Would I had never seen her!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.[7]

MARK ANTONY.

Fulvia is dead.

---

[1] **it were pity:** it would be a pity. [2] **noise:** rumor. [3] **upon far poorer moment:** for much less reason. [4] **mettle:** a magnet; loadstone. [5] **cunning:** designing. [6] **Jove:** Jupiter Pluvius—the Roman rain god. [7] **discredited your travel:** proved you to be a poor traveler (sight-seer).

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Sir?

MARK ANTONY.

Fulvia is dead.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Fulvia!

MARK ANTONY.

Dead.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut,[1] and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:— and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

MARK ANTONY.

The business she hath broached [2] in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.[3]

MARK ANTONY.

No more light[4] answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[5] to the queen,
And get her leave to part.[6] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,[7]

---

[1] **cut:** blow. [2] **broached:** set in motion. [3] **abode:** stay. [4] **light:** frivolous; indelicate. [5] **expedience:** haste. [6] **get her leave to part:** obtain her permission to depart. [7] **more urgent touches:** "more pressing motives"—Johnson.

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends[1] in Rome
Petition us at home:[2] Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to[3] Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people—
Whose love is never linkt to the deserver
Till his deserts are past—begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son;[4] who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life,[5] stands up
For the main soldier:[6] whose quality, going on,[7]
The sides o'the world [8] may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair,[9] hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Another room.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS *and* ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA.

Where is he?

CHARMIAN.

I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA.

See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:—if you find him sad,

---

[1] **our contriving friends:** i.e., those working in my behalf. [2] **Petition us at home:** urge me to return to Rome. [3] **given the dare to:** challenged. [4] **begin . . . son:** are beginning to invest Pompey's son with all the honors of his father. [5] **blood and life:** passionate spirit and physical energy. [6] **stands . . . soldier:** represents the peerless leader. [7] **whose . . . on:** that is, if he continues to grow in power. [8] **The sides . . . world:** the vast Roman Empire. [9] **courser's hair:** it was a superstition that horses' hairs placed in water would change to snakes.

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit* ALEXAS.

CHARMIAN.

Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEOPATRA.

What should I do I do not?

CHARMIAN.

In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA.

Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN.

Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:[1]
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA.

I am sick and sullen.[2]

Enter ANTONY.

MARK ANTONY.

I am sorry to give breathing[3] to my purpose,—

CLEOPATRA.

Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature[4]
Who not sustain it.

MARK ANTONY.

Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEOPATRA.

Pray you, stand further from me.

MARK ANTONY.

What's the matter?

---

[1] **I wish, forbear:** I pray you, show forbearance.
[2] **sullen:** gloomy; dispirited.
[3] **breathing:** voice.
[4] **the sides of nature:** my weak, womanly frame.

CLEOPATRA.

I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?[1]—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

MARK ANTONY.

The gods best know,—

CLEOPATRA.

O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

MARK ANTONY.

Cleopatra,—

CLEOPATRA.

Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake[2] the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous[3] madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made[4] vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

MARK ANTONY.

Most sweet queen,—

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, pray you, seek no colour[5] for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,[6]
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent;[7] none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven:[8] they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

MARK ANTONY.

How now, lady!

---

[1] **the married woman:** your wife, Fulvia. [2] **shake:** betray. [3] **Riotous:** raving. [4] **mouth-made:** insincere. [5] **colour:** pretext. [6] **sued staying:** begged my permission to stay with me. [7] **our brows' bent:** the arch of my eyebrows. [8] **a race of heaven:** of heavenly origin.

CLEOPATRA.

I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart[1] in Egypt.

MARK ANTONY.

Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you.[2] Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords:[3] Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port[4] of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction:[5] the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace[6]
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge[7]
By any desperate change: my more particular,[8]
And that which most with you should safe my going,[9]
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA.

Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

MARK ANTONY.

She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awaked;[10] at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA.

O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

---

[1] **a heart:** courage. [2] **in use with you:** at your disposal. [3] **civil swords:** domestic uprisings; civil war. [4] **port:** harbor. [5] **Breed scrupulous faction:** cause much disagreement over minor troubles in both factions. [6] **apace:** more and more. [7] **purge:** cure itself. [8] **my more particular:** that is, my own personal reason. [9] **should safe my going:** make my departure free from suspicion. [10] **The garboils she awaked:** the tumult and confusion her death has caused.

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

MARK ANTONY.

Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: by the fire[1]
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.[2]

CLEOPATRA.

Cut my lace,[3] Charmian, come;—
But let it be:—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

MARK ANTONY.

My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence[4] to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

CLEOPATRA.

So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:[5] good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling;[6] and let it look
Like perfect honour.[7]

MARK ANTONY.

You'll heat my blood:[8] no more.

CLEOPATRA.

You can do better yet; but this is meetly.[9]

MARK ANTONY.

Now, by my sword,—

CLEOPATRA.

And target.[10]—Still he mends;[11]
But this is not the best:—look, prithee, Charmian,

---

[1] **fire:** sun. [2] **As thou affect'st:** as you choose. [3] **Cut my lace:** cut the lacings of my stays (Cleopatra feels faint). [4] **give true evidence:** bear true witness. [5] **to Egypt:** to me, Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. [6] **dissembling:** make-believe. [7] **honour:** honesty; truth. [8] **heat my blood:** make me angry. [9] **meetly:** reasonably well done. [10] **And target:** and buckler (shield); "Sword and buckler"—a swashbuckler's oath. [11] **mends:** improves.

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.[1]

MARK ANTONY.

I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA.

Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion[2] is a very Antony,[3]
And I am all forgotten.[4]

MARK ANTONY.

But that your royalty
Holds idleness[5] your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart[6]
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings[7] kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

MARK ANTONY.

Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **How . . . chafe:** how well this proud Roman carries out his make-believe of being angry (Antony claimed to be a descendant of Anton, son of Hercules). [2] **oblivion:** forgetfulness. [3] **a very Antony:** as treacherous as Antony. [4] **I am all forgotten:** I have forgotten everything I wanted to say. [5] **idleness:** folly; trifling. [6] **'Tis . . . heart:** Cleopatra is comparing her pain to that of a woman in labor. [7] **my becomings:** my admirable qualities.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in CAESAR'S *house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, *reading a letter,* LEPIDUS, *and their* TRAIN.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
[*Giving him a letter.*
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy.[1]
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,[2] or
Vouchsafed to think[3] he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract[4] of all faults
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS.

I must not think there are
Evils enow[5] to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness;[6] hereditary,
Rather than purchased;[7] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth;[8] to sit
And keep the turn of tippling[9] with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves[10] that smell of sweat; say this becomes him,—
As his composure[11] must be rare indeed

---

[1] **queen of Ptolemy:** Ptolemy was both the brother and husband of the young Cleopatra. [2] **gave audience:** listened (to our messengers). [3] **Vouchsafed to think:** deigned to remember. [4] **abstract:** epitome. [5] **enow:** enough. [6] **His faults . . . blackness:** Antony's faults appear all the more glaring because of his goodness. [7] **purchased:** acquired. [8] **a mirth:** a night of merrymaking. [9] **keep . . . tippling:** match drink for drink. [10] **Stand . . . knaves:** rub shoulders with servants. [11] **composure:** nature.

Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,[1] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.[2] If he fill'd
His vacancy[3] with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't:[4] but to confound [5] such time,
That drums[6] him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate[7] boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.[8]

Enter a MESSENGER.

LEPIDUS.

Here's more news.

MESSENGER.

Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents[9] repair, and men's reports
Give him[10] much wrong'd.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,[11]
That he which is was wisht until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lackt. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag[12] upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying[13] the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

---

[1] **soils:** shortcomings. [2] **when . . . lightness:** i.e., when we must bear the consequences of his folly. [3] **vacancy:** leisure time. [4] **Call on him for't:** exact their toll of him. [5] **confound:** waste. [6] **drums:** summons. [7] **rate:** berate; scold. [8] **rebel to judgement:** go against their better judgment. [9] **discontents:** malcontents. [10] **Give him:** represent him as. [11] **from the primal state:** since government began. [12] **vagabond flag:** either common iris or water iris. [13] **lackeying:** i.e., like a servant at the whims of his master.

MESSENGER.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear[1] and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood [2] to think on't, and flush youth revolt:[3]
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.[4]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.[5] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena,[6] where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale[7] of horses, and the gilded [8] puddle
Which beast would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry in the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lankt[9] not.

LEPIDUS.

It is pity of him.

---

[1] **ear:** plow. [2] **blood:** courage. [3] **flush youth revolt:** lusty (in the flush of youth) youth join the pirates. [4] **Pompey's name . . . resisted:** Pompey's prestige has more force than his army would have against us. [5] **wassails:** carousals. [6] **Modena:** the ancient town and province of Mutina. [7] **stale:** urine. [8] **gilded:** covered with scum of an iridescent color. [9] **lankt:** thinned.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i'th'field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

LEPIDUS.

To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnisht[1] to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front[2] this present time.[3]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEPIDUS.

Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs[4] abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Doubt not, sir;
I knew[5] it for my bond.[6] [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

CLEOPATRA.

Charmian,—

CHARMIAN.

Madam?

CLEOPATRA.

Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.[7]

---

[1] **be furnisht:** be prepared. [2] **front:** confront; oppose. [3] **this present time:** in the present crisis. [4] **stirs:** disturbances. [5] **I knew:** I already knew. [6] **bond:** bounden duty. [7] **mandragora:** an herb of southern Europe and northern Africa that has narcotic qualities (formerly used as an anaesthetic or sleeping potion).

CHARMIAN.

Why, madam?

CLEOPATRA.

That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN.

You think of him too much.

CLEOPATRA.

O, 'tis treason!

CHARMIAN.

Madam, I trust, not so.

CLEOPATRA.

Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MARDIAN.

What's your highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA.

Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd,[1] thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections? [2]

MARDIAN.

Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Indeed!

MARDIAN.

Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest[3] to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

CLEOPATRA.

O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

---

[1] **unseminar'd:** emasculated.
[2] **affections:** passions; desires.
[3] **honest:** chaste (with a pun on the word).

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st[1] thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet[2] of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,[3]
And wrinkled deep in time? [4] Broad-fronted [5] Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel [6] for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect,[7] and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

ALEXAS.

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEOPATRA.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine[8] hath
With his tinct[9] gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEXAS.

Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kist—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient[10] pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

CLEOPATRA.

Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS.

'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm[11] Roman to great Egypt sends

---

[1] **wott'st:** knowest. [2] **burgonet:** a close-fitting Burgundian helmet. [3] **with Phœbus' . . . black:** i.e., deeply tanned by the sun. [4] **wrinkled . . . time:** with deep wrinkles caused by time. [5] **Broad-fronted:** perhaps a reference to Cæsar's baldness. [6] **morsel:** delectable tidbit. [7] **anchor his aspect:** fix his gaze. [8] **that great medicine:** the elixir of the alchemists. [9] **his tinct:** its tincture. [10] **orient:** lustrous. [11] **firm:** constant.

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece[1]
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,[2]
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd [3] by him.

CLEOPATRA.

What, was he sad or merry?

ALEXAS.

Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA.

O well-divided disposition!—note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man;[4] but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts? [5]

ALEXAS.

Ay, madam, twenty several [6] messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

CLEOPATRA.

Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

---

[1] **piece:** make additions to. [2] **arm-gaunt steed:** a horse made thin (in fit condition) by bearing heavy armor. [3] **beastly dumb'd:** impolitely (in the manner of a beast) drowned out. [4] **'tis the man:** it is Antony to the life. [5] **Mett'st thou my posts:** did you meet my messengers. [6] **several:** separate.

CHARMIAN.

O that brave Cæsar! [1]

CLEOPATRA.

Be choked with such another emphasis! [2]
Say, the brave Antony.

CHARMIAN.

The valiant Cæsar!

CLEOPATRA.

By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon[3] again
My man of men.

CHARMIAN.

By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.[4]

CLEOPATRA.

My salad days,[5]
When I was green in judgement:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

---

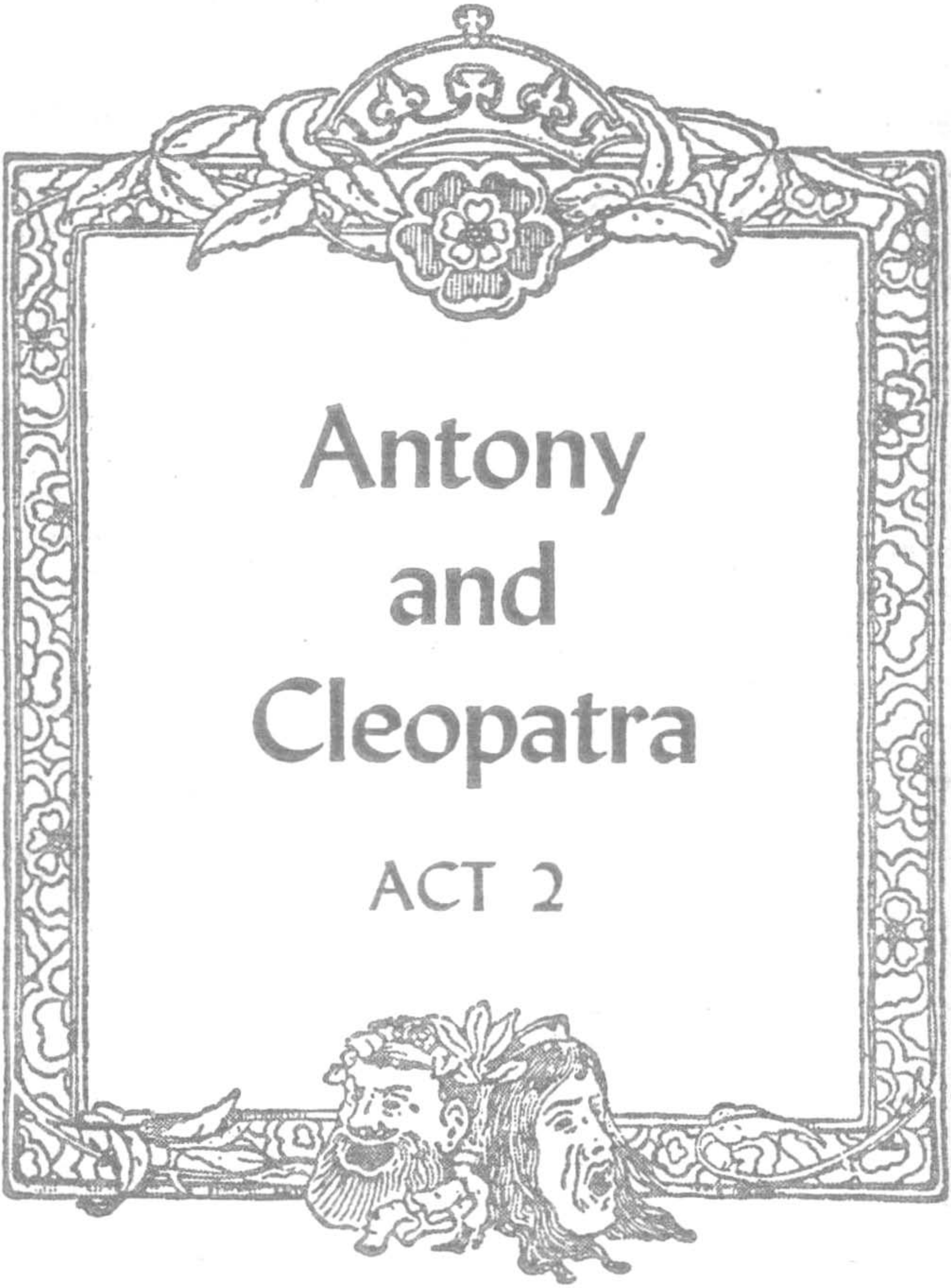
[1] **Cæsar:** Julius Cæsar.

[2] **such another emphasis:** another expression of such intensity (about someone other than Antony).

[3] **paragon:** make equal.

[4] **sing but after you:** only echo your words.

[5] **salad days:** younger days.



Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 2

ACT II

POMPEY HAS BEEN counting on Antony's self-indulgence to keep him out of the way. He hears the report of Antony's expected arrival back in Rome none too happily. Cæsar and Antony meet coldly, the one full of reproaches, the other answering with self-justification. A solution is proposed to cement the alliance—to marry Cæsar's sister, Octavia, to the freshly widowed Antony. Now they can go to discuss the military problem. Left behind are the officers of each man, and Antony's friend and officer, Enobarbus, relates to the others the initial meeting between the queen and the Roman conqueror; ever since, Cleopatra's constant variety and adaptability have kept Antony by her. No sooner has his marriage with Octavia been contracted than Antony begins to long for the East; a fortune teller assures him that there lies his only chance of good fortune. When Cleopatra receives news of the marriage, her fury drives her to attack the very messenger of these ill-tidings; she can barely make herself hear him out. At the negotiations with Pompey, Antony's presence is decisive; the triumvirate is entertained on board Pompey's galley and the evening ends, not in war, nor in Pompey's triumph, but in drunken revelry.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. A room in POMPEY'S *house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS,
in warlike manner.

POMPEY.
If the great gods be just, they shall[1] assist
The deeds of justest men.

MENECRATES.
Know, worthy[2] Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

---

[1] shall: will surely.
[2] worthy: noble.

POMPEY.

Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.[1]

MENECRATES.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

POMPEY.

I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent,[2] and my auguring hope
Says it[3] will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors:[4] Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

MENAS.

Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

POMPEY.

Where have you this? 'tis false.

MENAS.

From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY.

He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt[5] Cleopatra, soften thy waned [6] lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

---

[1] **Whiles . . . for:** "while we are praying (to the gods), the thing we are praying for (the Empire) is losing its value"—Johnson.
[2] **are crescent:** are increasing.
[3] **it:** the crescent moon.
[4] **without doors:** i.e., in the field (away from Cleopatra).
[5] **Salt:** lustful.
[6] **waned:** waning (no longer youthful).

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour[1]
Even till a Lethe'd dulness! [2]

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!

VARRIUS.

This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.[3]

POMPEY.

I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm[4]
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion,[5] that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow[6] pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS.

I cannot hope[7]
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:[8]
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

POMPEY.

I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant[9] they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us

---

[1] **may prorogue his honour:** may put off all thoughts of honor. [2] **Lethe'd dulness:** Lethe was a river in Hades whose waters produced forgetfulness or oblivion. [3] **since . . . travel:** he has had time to travel a much farther distance than Rome since he left Egypt. [4] **helm:** war helmet. [5] **rear . . . opinion:** pat ourselves on the back. [6] **Egypt's widow:** the widow of Ptolemy. [7] **hope:** expect. [8] **shall . . . together:** shall meet in friendliness. [9] **pregnant:** highly probable.

May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use[1] our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. A room in the house of LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

LEPIDUS.
Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
I shall entreat him
To answer like himself:[2] if Cæsar move[3] him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,[4]
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

LEPIDUS.
'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.[5]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

LEPIDUS.
But small to greater matters must give way.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS.
Your speech is passion:[6]

---

[1] **It only stands/Our lives upon to use:** our very existence depends on our using; it is a matter of life and death for us to use. [2] **like himself:** that is, in keeping with his greatness. [3] **move:** anger. [4] **look over Cæsar's head:** ignore him. [5] **private stomaching:** personal resentment. [6] **Your speech is passion:** you are speaking from emotion; you are letting anger get the better of you.

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CAESAR, MAECENAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

MARK ANTONY.
If we compose[1] well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS.
Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner[2] action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds:[3] then, noble partners,—
The rather,[4] for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms
Nor curstness grow to the matter.[5]

MARK ANTONY.
'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Welcome to Rome.

MARK ANTONY.
Thank you.

---

[1] **compose:** come to an agreement. [2] **leaner:** less important. [3] **we do commit/Murder in healing wounds:** a reference to a surgeon who operates for something that does not need surgery and thereby kills his patient. [4] **The rather:** all the more important. [5] **Nor curstness grow to the matter:** and let not bad temper be attached to the weighty subject under discussion.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Sit.

MARK ANTONY.

Sit, sir.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Nay, then.

MARK ANTONY.

I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.[1]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I must be laught at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i'the world; more laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately,[2] when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

MARK ANTONY.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on[3] my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.[4]

MARK ANTONY.

How intend you, practised?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you,[5] you were the word of war.[6]

---

[1] **concern you not:** are none of your business. [2] **derogately:** in a derogatory or disparaging manner. [3] **practise on:** employ stratagems against. [4] **question:** business; concern. [5] **Was theme for you:** you were the reason. [6] **word of war:** watchword; they claimed to be fighting in your name.

MARK ANTONY.

You do mistake your business;[1] my brother never
Did urge me[2] in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,[3]
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit[4] my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,[5]
Having alike your cause? [6] Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,[7]
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patcht up your excuses.

MARK ANTONY.

Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend [8] those wars
Which fronted [9] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle[10]
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

MARK ANTONY.

So much uncurbable, her garboils,[11] Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,[12]—which not wanted

---

[1] **You . . . business:** you are mistaken in your summing up. [2] **urge me:** use my name. [3] **reports:** reporters. [4] **Discredit:** bring into discredit. [5] **stomach:** inclination. [6] **Having . . . cause:** since I had as much cause as you to be displeased. [7] **patch a quarrel:** piece up a quarrel. [8] **with . . . attend:** look on with approval. [9] **fronted:** opposed. [10] **snaffle:** bridle bit. [11] **garboils:** disturbances. [12] **her impatience:** i.e., her impatience over Antony's absence.

Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I wrote to you
When rioting[1] in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive[2] out of audience.

MARK ANTONY.

Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'the morning:[3] but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have askt him[4] pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of [5] our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You have broken
The article[6] of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS.

Soft,[7] Cæsar!

MARK ANTONY.

No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it.—But, on,[8] Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

---

[1] **rioting:** reveling. [2] **missive:** messenger. [3] **did want . . . morning:** that is, I was not feeling as well as I had earlier in the day. [4] **him:** his. [5] **Be nothing of:** have nothing to do with. [6] **article:** terms. [7] **Soft:** go easy. [8] **on:** go on.

MARK ANTONY.

Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge.[1] As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.[2] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

LEPIDUS.

'Tis noble[3] spoken.

MAECENAS.

If it might please you, to enforce[4] no further
The griefs[5] between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone[6] you.

LEPIDUS.

Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

MARK ANTONY.

Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

MARK ANTONY.

You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Go to, then;[7] your considerate stone.[8]

---

[1] **bound . . . knowledge:** drugged me of awareness. [2] **but mine honesty . . . it:** that is, this honesty of mine cannot hurt my greatness, nor can it diminish my power, which would be nothing without honesty. [3] **noble:** nobly. [4] **enforce:** press. [5] **griefs:** grievances. [6] **atone:** reconcile. [7] **Go to, then:** very well, then. [8] **your considerate stone:** your obedient servant (dumb one).

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions[1]
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch,[2] from edge to edge
O'the world I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA.

Give me leave, Cæsar,—

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA.

Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

MARK ANTONY.

I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA.

To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter.[3] By this marriage,
All little jealousies,[4] which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import[5] their dangers,

---

[1] **conditions:** dispositions; natures.
[2] **hold us stanch:** bind us together.
[3] **graces speak/That which none else can utter:** that is, her good qualities speak for themselves better than anyone else's words could.
[4] **jealousies:** suspicions.
[5] **import:** carry with them.

Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present[1] thought,
By duty ruminated.

MARK ANTONY.

Will Cæsar speak?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Not till he hears how Antony is toucht
With[2] what is spoke already.

MARK ANTONY.

What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

MARK ANTONY.

May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,[3]
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace;[4] and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

LEPIDUS.

Happily, amen!

---

[1] **present:** spur-of-the-moment.

[2] **toucht/With:** affected by.

[3] **that so fairly shows:** that looks so auspicious.

[4] **grace:** reconciliation.

MARK ANTONY.

I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange[1] courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance[2] suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

LEPIDUS.

Time calls upon's:[3]
Of us must Pompey presently[4] be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

MARK ANTONY.

Where lies he?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

About the Mount Misenum.[5]

MARK ANTONY.

What's his strength
By land?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

MARK ANTONY.

So is the fame.[6]
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talkt of.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight[7] I'll lead you.

MARK ANTONY.

Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

---

[1] **strange:** rare; extraordinary. [2] **remembrance:** that is, memory for favors received. [3] **upon's:** upon us. [4] **presently:** immediately. [5] **Mount Misenum:** an ancient Italian port at the west end of the Gulf of Puteoli (Pozzuoli). [6] **fame:** rumor. [7] **straight:** at once.

LEPIDUS.

Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* CAESAR, ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.

MAECENAS.

Welcome from Egypt, sir.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Half the heart of Cæsar,[1] worthy Mæcenas!—
My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

AGRIPPA.

Good Enobarbus!

MAECENAS.

We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.[2] You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

MAECENAS.

Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

This was but as a fly by[3] an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MAECENAS.

She's a most triumphant[4] lady, if report be square to her.[5]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up[6] his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA.

There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.[7]

---

[1] **Half the heart of Cæsar:** that is, high in Cæsar's favor. [2] **digested:** settled. [3] **by:** compared with. [4] **triumphant:** magnificent. [5] **be square to her:** does her justice. [6] **pursed up:** stole (put his heart in her pocket). [7] **devised well for her:** invented a very flattering description of her.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnisht throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As[1] amorous of their strokes. For[2] her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature:[3] on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA.

O, rare for Antony!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,[4]
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,[5]
And made their bends[6] adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office.[7] From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.[8] The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i'the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,[9]
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,

---

[1] **As:** as if. [2] **For:** as for. [3] **O'er-picturing . . . nature:** an allusion to the painting by Apelles of Venus (Aphrodite) rising out of the sea. [4] **Nereides:** Nereids; sea nymphs, daughters of Nereus and Doris. [5] **tended her i'the eyes:** obeyed her every glance. [6] **bends:** obeisances. [7] **yarely frame the office:** nimbly or skillfully perform their tasks. [8] **wharfs:** banks; shores. [9] **but for vacancy:** except that it would have created a vacuum.

And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA.

Rare Egyptian!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper; she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary[1] pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA.

Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That[2] she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MAECENAS.

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom[3] stale[4]
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves[5] in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.[6]

---

[1] **ordinary:** regular public meal (*table d'hôte*) at a tavern; supper.
[2] **That:** in such a way that.
[3] **custom:** familiarity.
[4] **stale:** make stale.
[5] **Become themselves:** make themselves becoming.
[6] **riggish:** wanton; immodest.

MAECENAS.
If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery[1] to him.

AGRIPPA.
Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A room in CAESAR'S *house.*

Enter ANTONY, CAESAR, OCTAVIA *between them; and* ATTENDANTS.

MARK ANTONY.
The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTAVIA.
All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

MARK ANTONY.
Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes[2] in the world's report:[3]
I have not kept my square;[4] but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

OCTAVIA.
Good night, sir.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Good night. [*Exeunt* CAESAR *and* OCTAVIA.

---

[1] **lottery:** prize; allotment.
[2] **blemishes:** shortcomings.
[3] **world's report:** common gossip.
[4] **kept my square:** hewed to a straight line (footrule).

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

MARK ANTONY.

Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTHSAYER.

Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

MARK ANTONY.

If you can, your reason?

SOOTHSAYER.

I see it in my motion,[1] have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you[2] to Egypt again.

MARK ANTONY.

Say to me
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

SOOTHSAYER.

Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon,[3] that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

MARK ANTONY.

Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER.

To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of [4] that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,[5]
When he shines by:[6] I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 'tis noble.[7]

---

[1] **in my motion:** intuitively. [2] **hie you:** hasten. [3] **demon:** guardian angel. [4] **of:** because of. [5] **thickens:** grows dim. [6] **by:** nearby. [7] **noble:** brave.

MARK ANTONY.

Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—
[*Exit* SOOTHSAYER.
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art[1] or hap,[2]
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints[3]
Under his chance:[4] if we draw lots, he speeds;[5]
His cocks do win the battle still [6] of mine,
When it is all to naught;[7] and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoopt,[8] at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MAECENAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

LEPIDUS.

Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

AGRIPPA.

Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEPIDUS.

Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

---

[1] **art:** the art of prophecy. [2] **hap:** chance. [3] **cunning faints:** skill or knowledge fails. [4] **chance:** luck. [5] **speeds:** wins. [6] **still:** always. [7] **When it is all to naught:** i.e., when the odds are all in my favor. [8] **inhoopt:** confined inside hoops to make them fight (cockfighting).

MAECENAS.

We shall,
As I conceive[1] the journey, be at the Mount[2]
Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS.

Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:[3]
You'll win two days upon me.

MAECENAS *and* AGRIPPA.

Sir, good success!

LEPIDUS.

Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA.

Give me some music,—music, moody[4] food
Of us that trade in[5] love.

ATTENDANT.

The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLEOPATRA.

Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN.

My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEOPATRA.

As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MARDIAN.

As well as I can, madam.

---

[1] **conceive**: understand.
[2] **Mount**: Mount Misenum.
[3] **much about**: by a most roundabout way.
[4] **moody**: melancholy.
[5] **trade in**: engage in.

CLEOPATRA.

And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,[1]—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha! y'are caught.'

CHARMIAN.

'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEOPATRA.

That time,—O times!—
I laught him out of patience; and that night
I laught him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires[2] and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.[3]

Enter a MESSENGER.

O, from Italy!—
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MESSENGER.

Madam, madam,—

CLEOPATRA.

Antony's dead!—if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield [4] him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings

---

[1] **angle:** fishing rod.
[2] **tires:** headdresses.
[3] **his sword Philippan:** i.e., the sword Antony used during his victory over Brutus and Cassius at Philippi.
[4] **yield:** report.

Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

MESSENGER.

First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA.

Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESSENGER.

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA.

Well, go to,[1] I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful—so tart a favour[2]
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like[3] a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.[4]

MESSENGER.

Will't please you hear me?

CLEOPATRA.

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESSENGER.

Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA.

Well said.

MESSENGER.

And friends with Cæsar.

---

[1] **go to:** get on with it.
[2] **so tart a favour:** such a sour expression on your face.
[3] **like:** in the form of.
[4] **a formal man:** a man of normal behavior.

CLEOPATRA.
Th'art an honest man.

MESSENGER.
Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA.
Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER.
But yet, madam,—

CLEOPATRA.
I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence;[1] fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter[2] to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

MESSENGER.
Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.
For what good turn?[3]

MESSENGER.
For the best turn i'the bed.

CLEOPATRA.
I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER.
Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.
The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

MESSENGER.
Good madam, patience.

---

[1] **it does allay/The good precedence:** it qualifies the good news that went before (preceded) it.
[2] **pack of matter:** the whole bag of news.
[3] **turn:** purpose (the messenger misunderstands Cleopatra's *turn*).

CLEOPATRA.

What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him.*

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn[1] thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales*[2] *him up and down.*

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

MESSENGER.

Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA.

Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with[3] what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

MESSENGER.

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a knife.*

MESSENGER.

Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

CHARMIAN.

Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:[4]
The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA.

Some innocents scape[5] not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

---

[1] **spurn:** kick.
[2] ***hales:*** drags (by the hair).
[3] **boot thee with:** give you in addition.
[4] **keep . . . yourself:** control yourself.
[5] **scape:** escape.

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.

CHARMIAN.

He is afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA.

I will not hurt him.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.[1]

Enter CHARMIAN *and* MESSENGER.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious[2] message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

MESSENGER.

I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA.

Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'

MESSENGER.

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

The gods confound [3] thee! dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER.

Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA.

O, I would thou didst,
So[4] half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus[5] in thy face, to me

---

[1] **Have given myself the cause:** Cleopatra means that, by allowing herself to love Antony, she has brought the present situation on herself. [2] **gracious:** pleasing. [3] **confound:** destroy. [4] **So:** even if. [5] **Narcissus:** in Greek mythology, a youth so beautiful that he fell in love with his own reflection in the water and pined away because it always vanished at his touch.

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESSENGER.

I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA.

He is married?

MESSENGER.

Take no offence[1] that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal:[2] he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,[3]
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* MESSENGER.

CHARMIAN.

Good your highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA.

In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

CHARMIAN.

Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint:—O Iras, Charmian!—'tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature[4] of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination,[5] let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him[6] for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,[7]

---

[1] **Take no offence . . . you:** do not be angry with me for hesitating when I know my answer would only offend you. [2] **much unequal:** very unjust. [3] **lie . . . hand:** let them remain a burden (useless merchandise) to you. [4] **feature:** features (and figure). [5] **inclination:** temperament. [6] **him:** Antony. [7] **Gorgon:** the Gorgons were three sisters, all of them horrible in appearance, but the most famous being Medusa.

The other way's a Mars.—[*to* MARDIAN] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another,* CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MAECENAS, *with* SOLDIERS *marching.*

POMPEY.
Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Most meet[1]
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall [2] youth
That else must perish here.

POMPEY.
To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors[3] for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers[4] want,[5]
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,[6]
There saw you labouring for him. What was't

---

[1] **meet:** proper; fitting.
[2] **tall:** valiant; brave.
[3] **factors:** agents.
[4] **revengers:** avengers.
[5] **want:** lack.
[6] **ghosted:** haunted (appeared to as a ghost).

That moved pale Cassius[1] to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest[2] Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench[3] the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig[4] my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th'ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Take your time.

MARK ANTONY.

Thou canst not fear[5] us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee[6] at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count[7] thee.

POMPEY.

At land, indeed
Thou dost o'er-count me of [8] my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo[9] builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

LEPIDUS.

Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present[10]—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

There's the point.

MARK ANTONY.

Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.[11]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

And what may follow,
To try[12] a larger fortune.

---

[1] **pale Cassius:** "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look"—*Julius Cæsar*, I, ii. [2] **honest:** honorable. [3] **drench:** i.e., drench with blood. [4] **rig:** mobilize. [5] **fear:** frighten; intimidate. [6] **speak with thee:** meet you. [7] **o'er-count:** outnumber. [8] **o'er-count me of:** cheat me out of. [9] **cuckoo:** the cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests. [10] **this . . . present:** this is getting away from the subject. [11] **embraced:** accepted. [12] **To try:** if you try.

POMPEY.

You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this greed [1] upon,
To part with unhackt edges,[2] and bear back
Our targes undinted.[3]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.

That's our offer.

POMPEY.

Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother[4] were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

MARK ANTONY.

I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied [5] for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

POMPEY.

Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

MARK ANTONY.

The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier[6] than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

---

[1] **greed:** agreed.
[2] **unhackt edges:** unused swords.
[3] **targes undinted:** shields undented.
[4] **your brother:** Lucius Antonius.
[5] **am well studied:** have long prepared.
[6] **timelier:** earlier.

POMPEY.

Well, I know not
What counts[1] harsh fortune[2] casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

LEPIDUS.

Well met here.

POMPEY.

I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition[3] may be written,
And seal'd between us.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

That's the next to do.

POMPEY.

We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

MARK ANTONY.

That will I, Pompey.

POMPEY.

No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

MARK ANTONY.

You have heard much.

POMPEY.

I have fair meanings, sir.

MARK ANTONY.

And fair words to them.

POMPEY.

Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus[4] carried—

---

[1] **counts:** accounts; lines.
[2] **harsh fortune:** the harsh blows of fortune.
[3] **composition:** agreement; compact.
[4] **Apollodorus:** Cleopatra, summoned by Julius Cæsar, was wrapped in a mattress by Apollodorus and carried to Cæsar in secret.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

No more of that:—he did so.

POMPEY.

What, I pray you?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

POMPEY.

I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.[1]

POMPEY.

Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Sir,
I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POMPEY.

Enjoy thy plainness,[2]
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.

Show us the way, sir.

POMPEY.

Come.

[*Exeunt all but* MENAS *and* ENOBARBUS.

MENAS [*aside*].

---

[1] **toward:** in preparation.

[2] **Enjoy thy plainness:** give free rein to your frankness.

Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—
You and I have known,[1] sir.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

At sea, I think.

MENAS.

We have, sir.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

You have done well by water.

MENAS.

And you by land.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MENAS.

Nor what I have done by water.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

MENAS.

And you by land.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority,[2] here they might take[3] two thieves kissing.

MENAS.

All men's faces are true,[4] whatsoe'er their hands are.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MENAS.

No slander; they steal hearts.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

We came hither to fight with you.

---

[1] **have known:** have met before.

[2] **authority:** authority to make arrests (as a constable).

[3] **take:** apprehend.

[4] **true:** honest.

MENAS.

For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

MENAS.

Y'have said,[1] sir. We lookt not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

MENAS.

True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS.

Pray ye, sir? [2]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

'Tis true.

MENAS.

Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

If I were bound to divine[3] of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MENAS.

I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.[4]

---

[1] **Y'have said:** you have spoken the truth.

[2] **Pray ye, sir:** are you telling the truth, sir.

[3] **divine:** prophesy.

[4] **still conversation:** calm behavior (way of life).

MENAS.

Who would not have his wife so?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is:[1] he married but his occasion here.[2]

MENAS.

And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

MENAS.

Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board POMPEY'S *galley, off Misenum.*

Music plays. Enter two or three SERVANTS, *with a banquet.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Here they'll be, man. Some o'their plants[3] are ill-rooted already; the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT.

Lepidus is high-colour'd.

FIRST SERVANT.

They have made him drink alms-drink.[4]

---

[1] **use his affection where it is:** continue his love where it is now (with Cleopatra). [2] **he married . . . here:** that is, he married here only to suit his immediate need. [3] **plants:** feet (the men are unsteady on their feet because of heavy drinking (with a pun on growing plants). [4] **alms-drink:** another's portion as well as his own; an alms-drink is that usually reserved for a beggar.

SECOND SERVANT.

As they pinch one another by the disposition,[1] he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

FIRST SERVANT.

But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan[2] I could not heave.

FIRST SERVANT.

To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.[3]

A sennet[4] *sounded. Enter* CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other* CAPTAINS.

MARK ANTONY [*to* OCTAVIUS CAESAR].

Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o'the Nile
By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison[5] follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS.

Y'have strange serpents there.

MARK ANTONY.

Ay, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS.

Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.[6]

---

[1] **they pinch . . . disposition:** their dispositions (temperaments) begin to clash. [2] **partisan:** a two-edged sword on a staff, used by foot soldiers. [3] **To . . . cheeks:** to mingle with the great and not to make an impression is similar to having eye sockets without eyes. [4] ***sennet:*** a succession of notes on a trumpet. [5] **foison:** plenty. [6] **crocodile:** a generally accepted opinion in Shakespeare's day.

MARK ANTONY.

They are so.

POMPEY.

Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus!

LEPIDUS.

I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.[1]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in[2] till then.

LEPIDUS.

Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises[3] are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

MENAS [*aside to* POMPEY].

Pompey, a word.

POMPEY [*aside to* MENAS].

Say in mine ear: what is't?

MENAS [*whispers in his ear*].

Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY [*aside to* MENAS].

Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS.

What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

MARK ANTONY.

It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements[4] once out of it, it transmigrates.[5]

LEPIDUS.

What colour is it of?

---

[1] **ne'er out:** i.e., I'll never refuse one more drink.

[2] **in:** drunk.

[3] **pyramises:** pyramids.

[4] **elements:** vital elements.

[5] **transmigrates:** an allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

MARK ANTONY.

Of its own colour too.

LEPIDUS.

'Tis a strange serpent.

MARK ANTONY.

'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Will this description satisfy him?

MARK ANTONY.

With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POMPEY [*aside to* MENAS].

Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

MENAS [*aside to* POMPEY].

If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY [*aside to* MENAS].

I think th'art mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

MENAS.

I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.[1]

POMPEY.

Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

MARK ANTONY.

These quicksands,[2] Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS.

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY.

What say'st thou?

---

[1] **ever held my cap off to thy fortunes:** always been your faithful follower.

[2] **quicksands:** Lepidus is lapsing into a drunken stupor.

MENAS.

Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

POMPEY.

How should that be?

MENAS.

But entertain it,[1]
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY.

Hast thou drunk well? [2]

MENAS.

No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales,[3] or sky inclips,[4]
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

POMPEY.

Show me which way.

MENAS.

These three world-sharers,[5] these competitors,[6]
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

POMPEY.

Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy;
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

---

[1] **entertain it:** think over the idea.
[2] **well:** too much.
[3] **pales:** fences in.
[4] **inclips:** embraces.
[5] **world sharers:** the triumvirs.
[6] **competitors:** confederates; partners.

MENAS [*aside*].

For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd [1] fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

POMPEY.

This health to Lepidus!

MARK ANTONY.

Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Here's to thee, Menas!

MENAS.

Enobarbus, welcome!

POMPEY.

Fill till the cup be hid.[2]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the* ATTENDANT *who carries off* LEPIDUS.

MENAS.

Why?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

A' [3] bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

MENAS.

The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels! [4]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Drink thou; increase the reels.[5]

MENAS.

Come.

---

[1] **pall'd**: impaired; waning. [2] **hid**: covered. [3] **A'**: he. [4] **might go on wheels**: from *The World runs on Wheels*—a pamphlet by Taylor; run smoothly. [5] **increase the reels**: increase the revolutions and make the world spin faster (as a drunkard reels).

POMPEY.

This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

MARK ANTONY.

It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,[1] ho!—
Here's to Cæsar!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

MARK ANTONY.

Be a child o'the time.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Possess it, I'll make answer:[2]
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*to* ANTONY].

Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

POMPEY.

Let's ha't, good soldier.

MARK ANTONY.

Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steept our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.[3]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding[4] every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

---

[1] **Strike the vessels:** tap the wine casks; drink up.

[2] **Possess it, I'll make answer:** drink your toast and I'll respond with mine.

[3] **Lethe:** forgetfulness (Lethe—a river of Hades).

[4] **The holding:** the refrain.

The Song.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne! [1]
In thy fats[2] our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—Good brother.
Let me request you off:[3] our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all.[4] What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

POMPEY.

I'll try you[5] on the shore.

MARK ANTONY.

And shall,[6] sir: give's your hand.

POMPEY.

O Antony,
You have my father's house,[7]—But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all except* ENOBARBUS *and* MENAS.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

---

[1] **eyne:** eyes. [2] **fats:** vats; casks. [3] **request you off:** beg you to leave off (drinking). [4] **the wild disguise hath almost/Antickt us all:** this drinking bout has made clowns of us. [5] **try you:** take you on. [6] **And shall:** agreed. [7] **my father's house:** Pompey continues to harp on the fact that Antony is living in the house once occupied by his illustrious father.

MENAS.

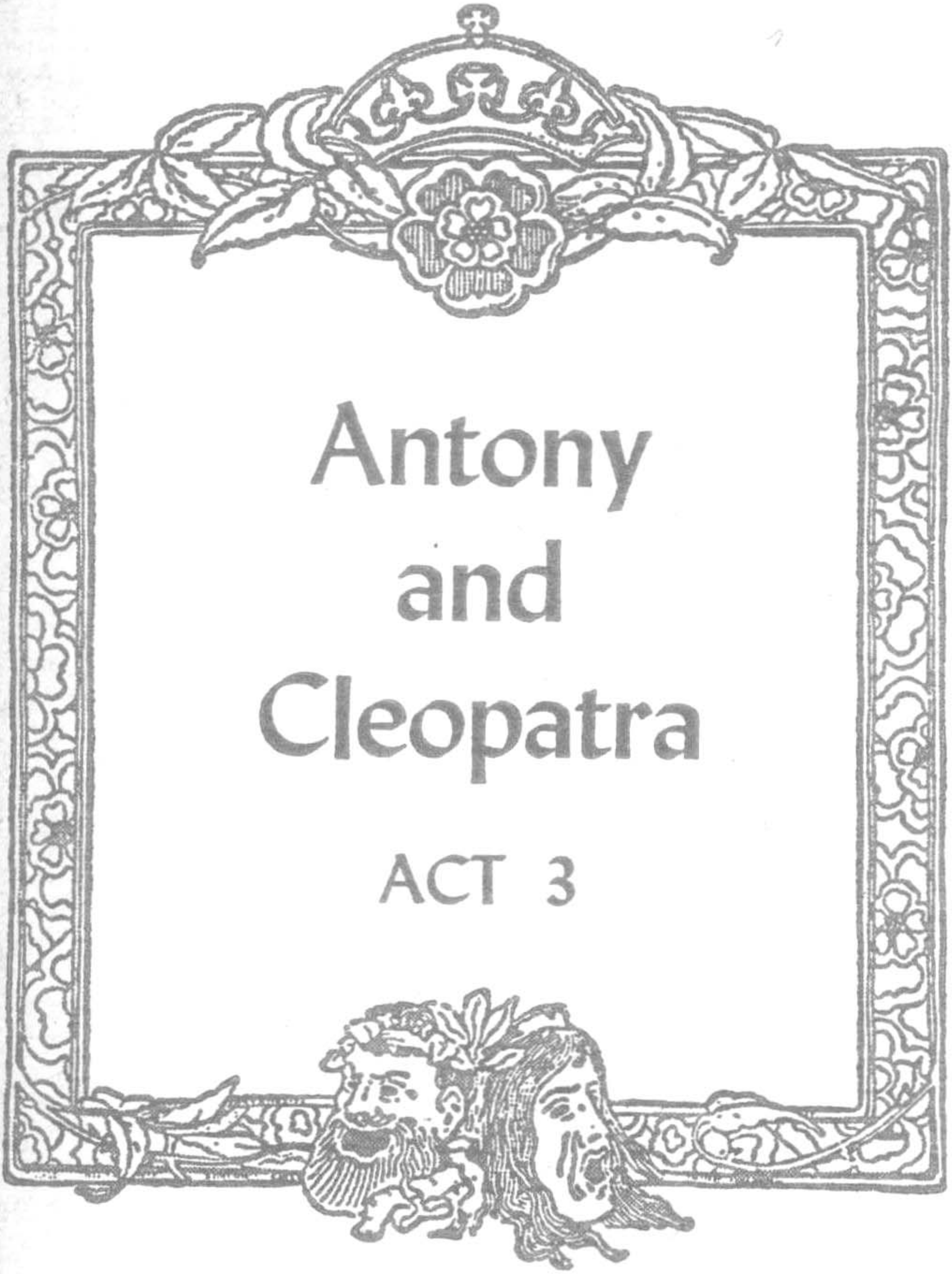
No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!
[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Hoo! says a'.—There's my cap.

MENAS.

Hoo!—Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*



Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 3

ACT III

THE ROMAN EMPIRE grows, but its commanders must be politic enough to remain only generals and not rulers. The three who rule part from one another with a zeal of friendship that amuses their followers; Cæsar hands his sister over to Antony's safe-keeping with much appropriate sentiment. Cleopatra pumps the messenger for details of Antony's new wife, and the messenger is astute enough to give her the unfavorable report she wants to hear and does hear. But both the marriage and the imperial partnership are quickly fading. Antony sends Octavia home from Athens, ostensibly to heal any breach between her brother and her husband. Cæsar has already acted unilaterally, first against Pompey and then against the no-longer-necessary Lepidus. In Rome, he defends his conduct by pointing to Antony's usurpations; by recognizing Cæsarion, Julius Cæsar's bastard son by Cleopatra, Antony has in effect challenged Octavius' legal claim to the empire. On top of all this, Octavia arrives, to add a wronged sister to the catalogue of injuries. Cæsar moves so quickly that Antony is amazed, but then his own military affairs are scarcely well ordered, with Enobarbus and Cleopatra scrapping over her right to be at the wars. Despite much advice from officers and soldiers, Antony persists in following Cleopatra's wish to engage with Cæsar at sea. This first encounter is disastrous for Antony. Cleopatra is frightened by the combat, and flees—and Antony follows her. Back at Alexandria, Antony is torn by shame, anger, and despair; his fortunes are so low he must send his children's schoolmaster to treat with the Romans. But Cæsar refuses anything but total victory and sends his own messenger to try to persuade Cleopatra to treachery. Antony has only his honor; he would challenge Cæsar to a duel, but Enobarbus plainly indicates how hopelessly naïve such a challenge must sound—and how Antony's fury at and punishment of Cæsar's messenger reveals Antony's loss of decisive control. Antony is now even turning on Cleopatra and her past. Then to the other extreme, as he proclaims one last night of revels to chase away the despair; Enobarbus decides to leave his doomed leader.

ACT III. Scene I.

A plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS *as it were in triumph, with* SILIUS *and other* ROMANS, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

VENTIDIUS.

Now, darting Parthia,[1] art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' [2] death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus,[3] Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS.

Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

---

[1] **darting Parthia:** the Parthians were famous for their swift arrows which they shot even as they fled from the field of battle; i.e., a Parthian shot.

[2] **Marcus Crassus:** a member of the First Triumvirate, with Pompey and Julius Cæsar, he was killed by Orodes' general.

[3] **Pacorus:** son of Orodes, King of Parthia.

VENTIDIUS.

O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act;[1] for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute,[2] lost his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.[3]
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

SILIUS.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.[4] Thou wilt write to Antony?

VENTIDIUS.

I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse[5] of Parthia
We have jaded [6] out o'the field.

SILIUS.

Where is he now?

---

[1] **a lower place . . . act:** taking too much glory upon himself on the part of a subordinate may count against him. [2] **by the minute:** that is, each minute. [3] **him:** i.e., the soldier. [4] **that . . . distinction:** a wisdom (knowledge of the world) without which there would be little distinction between you and your sword. [5] **horse:** cavalry. [6] **jaded:** run off like worn-out nags.

VENTIDIUS.

He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight[1] we must convey with's[2] will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. An ante-chamber in CAESAR's *house.*

Enter AGRIPPA *at one door and* ENOBARBUS *at another.*

AGRIPPA.

What, are the brothers[3] parted?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

They have dispatcht[4] with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing.[5] Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.[6]

AGRIPPA.

'Tis a noble Lepidus.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

AGRIPPA.

Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA.

What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

AGRIPPA.

O Antony! O thou Arabian bird! [7]

---

[1] **The weight:** the body of Pacorus and the spoils of war. [2] **with's:** with us. [3] **brothers:** brothers-in-law. [4] **dispatch:** finished their business. [5] **sealing:** concluding or signing their agreements. [6] **green sickness:** anemia-like sickness of lovesick young girls (used here ironically). [7] **Arabian bird:** the rare phoenix; therefore, a unique creature.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar,'—go no further.

AGRIPPA.

Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA.

Both he loves.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

They are his shards,[1] and he their beetle. [*Trumpets within.*]
So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA.

Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

MARK ANTONY.

No further, sir.[2]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band[3]
Shall pass on thy approof.[4]—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece[5] of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love

---

[1] **shards:** the shiny cases of the beetle's wings, so called because they resemble pieces of glazed pottery.

[2] **No further, sir:** a polite request to escort him no further.

[3] **band:** bond.

[4] **on thy approof:** proof of your behavior.

[5] **piece:** masterpiece.

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherisht.

MARK ANTONY.

Make me not offended
In your distrust.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I have said.[1]

MARK ANTONY.

You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[2] the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements[3] be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

OCTAVIA.

My noble brother!—

MARK ANTONY.

The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

OCTAVIA.

Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

What, Octavia?

OCTAVIA.

I'll tell you in your ear.[4]

---

[1] **I have said:** I have spoken my piece.
[2] **curious:** watchful; concerned.
[3] **elements:** the forces of nature.
[4] **I'll tell you in your ear:** I'll whisper it to you.

MARK ANTONY.

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's-down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.[1]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside to* AGRIPPA].

Will Cæsar weep?

AGRIPPA [*aside to* DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS].

He has a cloud in's face.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside to* AGRIPPA].

He were the worse for that were he a horse;[2]
So is he being a man.

AGRIPPA [*aside to* DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS].

Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside to* AGRIPPA].

That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;[3]
What willingly he did confound [4] he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still;[5] the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.[6]

MARK ANTONY.

Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you[7] in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Adieu; be happy!

---

[1] **the swan's-down feather . . . inclines:** Octavia's heart is too full for speech, torn as she is between leaving her brother and going with Antony. [2] **He were . . . horse:** a horse with a cloud is a horse without a star on its forehead. [3] **rheum:** a runny head cold. [4] **confound:** destroy; overthrow. [5] **still:** as I have promised. [6] **the time . . . you:** my thoughts of you will keep pace with time. [7] **I'll wrestle with you:** Antony embraces Cæsar.

LEPIDUS.

Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.

MARK ANTONY.

Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEOPATRA.

Where is the fellow?

ALEXAS.

Half afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA.

Go to, go to.[1]

Enter the MESSENGER *as before.*

Come hither, sir.

ALEXAS.

Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry[2] dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

CLEOPATRA.

That Herod's head
I'll have: but[3] how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.

MESSENGER.

Most gracious majesty,—

---

[1] **Go to, go to:** nonsense.

[2] **Herod of Jewry:** Alexas is referring to the tyrant of the old mystery plays, but Cleopatra's thoughts are on another Herod.

[3] **But:** except.

CLEOPATRA.

Didst thou behold
Octavia?

MESSENGER.

Ay, dread queen.

CLEOPATRA.

Where?

MESSENGER.

Madam, in Rome;
I lookt her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA.

Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER.

She is not, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?

MESSENGER.

Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

CLEOPATRA.

That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

CHARMIAN.

Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

CLEOPATRA.

I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou looktst on majesty.

MESSENGER.

She creeps,—
Her motion and her station[1] are as one;
She shows[2] a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.[3]

---

[1] **station:** way of standing.
[2] **shows:** appears to be.
[3] **a breather:** a living person.

CLEOPATRA.
Is this certain?

MESSENGER.
Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN.
Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

CLEOPATRA.
He's very knowing;
I do perceive't:—there's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgement.

CHARMIAN.
Excellent.

CLEOPATRA.
Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESSENGER.
Madam,
She was a widow,—

CLEOPATRA.
Widow!—Charmian, hark.

MESSENGER.
And I do think she's thirty.

CLEOPATRA.
Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

MESSENGER.
Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA.
For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what colour?

MESSENGER.
Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.[1]

---

[1] **As low as she would wish it:** a cant phrase; she would wish it no lower (high foreheads were considered a mark of beauty in Elizabethan days).

CLEOPATRA.

There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit* MESSENGER.

CHARMIAN.

A proper[1] man.

CLEOPATRA.

Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried [2] him. Why, methinks, by him,[3]
This creature's no such thing.[4]

CHARMIAN.

Nothing, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHARMIAN.

Hath he seen majesty? Isis[5] else defend,
And serving you so long!

CLEOPATRA.

I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

CHARMIAN.

I warrant you,[6] madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. A room in ANTONY'S *house.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

---

[1] **proper:** fine. [2] **harried:** harassed. [3] **by him:** according to his description. [4] **This . . . thing:** this creature is nothing for me to worry about. [5] **Isis:** Cleopatra usually appeared on public occasions dressed as Isis, the Egyptian goddess of the moon. [6] **I warrant you:** I agree with you.

MARK ANTONY.

Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable[1] import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly[2] of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour,[3] cold and sickly
He vented [4] them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint[5] was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.[6]

OCTAVIA.

O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach[7] not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,[8]
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

MARK ANTONY.

Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless.[9] But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's:[10] the mean time, lady,

---

[1] **semblable:** like. [2] **scantly:** slightingly. [3] **when . . . honour:** when he could not avoid saying something honorable about me. [4] **vented:** uttered. [5] **hint:** opportunity. [6] **did it from his teeth:** spoke through his teeth. [7] **Stomach:** resent. [8] **presently:** immediately. [9] **branchless:** shorn of my honors. [10] **go between's:** be our mediator.

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stay[1] your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.[2]

OCTAVIA.

Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that[3] slain men
Should solder up[4] the rift.

MARK ANTONY.

When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults[5]
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another room.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

How now, friend Eros!

EROS.

There's strange news come, sir.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

What, man?

EROS.

Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

---

[1] **stay:** resist successfully.
[2] **So your desires are yours:** so that your desires will be realized.
[3] **that:** as if.
[4] **solder up:** fill in (with their dead bodies).
[5] **our faults:** Cæsar's and my shortcomings.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

This is old: what is the success?[1]

EROS.

Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[2] would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,[3] seizes him: so the poor third is up,[4] till death enlarge his confine.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,[5] no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

EROS.

He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush[6] that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.[7]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Our great navy's rigg'd.

EROS.

For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

'Twill be naught:[8]
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

EROS.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **success:** result; what follows. [2] **rivality:** equality (the rights of a partner). [3] **his own appeal:** his own (Cæsar's) accusation. [4] **up:** in confinement. [5] **chaps:** chops; jaws (Antony and Cæsar). [6] **spurns . . . rush:** kicks at the reeds. [7] **And threats . . . Pompey:** and threatens to slit the throat of his officer (Titius, who murdered Pompey). [8] **'Twill be naught:** "the event will be naught"—Capell.

SCENE VI.

Rome. A room in CAESAR'S *house.*

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MAECENAS.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:—
I'the market-place, on a tribunal[1] silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned; at the feet sat
Cæsarion,[2] whom they call my father's[3] son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment[4] of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

MAECENAS.

This in the public eye?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I'the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments[5] of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

MAECENAS.

Let Rome be thus inform'd.

AGRIPPA.

Who, queasy with[6] his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

---

[1] **tribunal:** raised throne. [2] **Cæsarion:** the son of Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar. [3] **father's:** Octavius was a great-nephew of Julius Cæsar, by whom he was adopted. [4] **stablishment:** rule. [5] **habiliments:** dress; robes. [6] **queasy with:** nauseated with disgust at.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.

AGRIPPA.

Who does he accuse?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd,[1] we had not rated [2] him
His part[3] o'the isle: then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestored:[4] lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being,[5] that we detain
All his revenue.

AGRIPPA.

Sir, this should be answer'd.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change:[6] for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MAECENAS.

He'll never yield to that.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA *with her* TRAIN.

OCTAVIA.

Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

That ever I should call thee castaway!

---

[1] **spoil'd:** looted; taken spoils.
[2] **rated:** apportioned.
[3] **part:** share.
[4] **shipping unrestored:** ships that were never returned.
[5] **being:** being deposed.
[6] **change:** i.e., change of fortune.

OCTAVIA.

You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Why have you stoln upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,[1]
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation[2] of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unloved:[3] we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA.

Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct[4] 'tween his lust and him.

OCTAVIA.

Do not say so, my lord.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I have eyes[5] upon him,

---

[1] **expectation fainted:** the crowd grown discouraged at your delay.

[2] **ostentation:** public display.

[3] **love . . . unloved:** that is, love not fed by manifestation of that love often dies.

[4] **Being an obstruct:** being an obstruction.

[5] **eyes:** spies.

And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCTAVIA.

My lord, in Athens.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded [1] him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who[2] now are levying[3]
The kings o'the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;[4]
Herod of Jewry: Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede[5] and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

OCTAVIA.

Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger.[6] Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content[7] these strong necessities;
But let determined things[8] to destiny
Hold unbewail'd[9] their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark[10] of thought: and the high gods,

---

[1] **nodded:** summoned. [2] **who:** Antony and Cleopatra. [3] **levying:** calling up. [4] **Pont:** Pontus. [5] **Mede:** Media. [6] **in negligent danger:** in danger through our own negligence. [7] **content:** happiness. [8] **determined things:** predestined events. [9] **unbewail'd:** without tears or sadness. [10] **the mark:** the reach; the limit.

To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us[1] and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

AGRIPPA.

Welcome, lady.

MAECENAS.

Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only th'adulterous Antony, most large[2]
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[3] to a trull,[4]
That noises it[5] against us.

OCTAVIA.

Is it so, sir?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience:[6] my dear'st sister! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S *camp, near Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

CLEOPATRA.

I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA.

Thou hast forspoke[7] my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Well, is it, is it?

CLEOPATRA.

If not denounced against us,[8] why should not we

---

[1] **make them ministers/Of us:** make us their agents. [2] **large:** unbounded. [3] **potent regiment:** powerful authority. [4] **trull:** harlot. [5] **noises it:** is clamorous. [6] **Be ever known to patience:** be always acquainted with patience (remain calm). [7] **forspoke:** spoken out against. [8] **If not denounced against us:** even if war has not yet been declared against me.

Be there in person?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside*].

Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely[1] lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

CLEOPATRA.

What is't you say?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Your presence needs must puzzle[2] Antony;
Take from his heart;[3] take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced [4] for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA.

Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge[5] we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

MARK ANTONY.

Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium[6]
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,[7]
And take in[8] Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

---

[1] **merely:** utterly. [2] **puzzle:** worry (paralyze is too strong a word). [3] **heart:** courage (ardor for battle). [4] **Traduced:** criticized. [5] **charge:** responsibility. [6] **Tarentum and Brundusium:** cities in southern Italy. [7] **Ionian sea:** the Mediterranean between Sicily and Greece. [8] **take in:** capture; subdue.

CLEOPATRA.

Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

MARK ANTONY.

A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

CLEOPATRA.

By sea! what else?

CANIDIUS.

Why will my lord do so?

MARK ANTONY.

For that he dares us to't.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

CANIDIUS.

Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,[1]
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are muleters,[2] reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress;[3] in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare:[4] yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

MARK ANTONY.

By sea, by sea.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Most worthy sir, you therein throw away

---

[1] **Pharsalia:** the site of the decisive battle between Julius Cæsar and Pompey on the plain of Thessaly.

[2] **muleters:** muleteers; mule drivers.

[3] **Ingrost . . . impress:** amassed by hurried conscription.

[4] **yare:** quick; easily handled.

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract[1] your army, which doth most consist
Of war-markt footmen;[2] leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forgo
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

MARK ANTONY.

I'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA.

I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

MARK ANTONY.

Our overplus[3] of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head [4] of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thy business?

MESSENGER.

The news is true, my lord; he is descried;[5]
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

MARK ANTONY.

Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power[6] should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis! [7]

Enter a SOLDIER.

How now, worthy soldier!

SOLDIER.

O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt

---

[1] **Distract:** divide. [2] **war-markt footmen:** veteran infantrymen. [3] **overplus:** surplus. [4] **head:** headland; promontory. [5] **he is descried:** he has been seen. [6] **power:** forces. [7] **my Thetis:** my sea nymph (Thetis was one of the Nereids).

This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer,[1] standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

MARK ANTONY.

Well, well:—away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

SOLDIER.

By Hercules, I think I am i'the right.

CANIDIUS.

Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:[2] so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

SOLDIER.

You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole,[3] do you not?

CANIDIUS.

Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries[4] beyond belief.

SOLDIER.

While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions[5] as
Beguiled[6] all spies.

CANIDIUS.

Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLDIER.

They say, one Taurus.

CANIDIUS.

Well I know the man.

---

[1] **we/Have used to conquer:** we have always been accustomed to conquering. [2] **but his whole action grows/Not in the power on't:** but his course of action is not guided solely through military reasons. [3] **You keep . . . whole:** you keep our entire land forces together. [4] **Carries:** goes forward. [5] **distractions:** separate, small bodies. [6] **Beguiled:** fooled.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.
The emperor calls Canidius.
CANIDIUS.
With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minutes some.[1] [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter CAESAR *and* TAURUS, *with his army, marching.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Taurus,—
TAURUS.
My lord?
OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done[2] at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll:[3] our fortune lies
Upon this jump.[4] [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Another part of the plain.

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

MARK ANTONY.
Set we our squadrons on yond side o'the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle:[5] from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **With news . . . some:** the time is pregnant with news and gives birth to some (news) each minute. [2] **done:** finished. [3] **The prescript . . . scroll:** the instructions in these written orders. [4] **this jump:** this hazard: this plunging into action at the right moment. [5] **battle:** forces.

SCENE X.

Another part of the plain.

CANIDIUS *marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CAESAR, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Naught, naught, all naught! [1] I can behold no longer:
Th'Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,[2]
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

SCARUS.

Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod [3] of them!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

What's thy passion? [4]

SCARUS.

The greater cantle[5] of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kist away
Kingdoms and provinces.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

How appears the fight?

SCARUS.

On our side like the token'd pestilence,[6]
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag[7] of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i'the midst o'the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,[8]

---

[1] **Naught, naught, all naught:** all is ruined. [2] **admiral:** flagship. [3] **synod:** assembly. [4] **What's thy passion:** what troubles you. [5] **cantle:** portion. [6] **the token'd pestilence:** the red spots of the plague which betokened certain death. [7] **ribaudred nag:** wanton or ribald mare. [8] **When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd:** when victory could have gone to either side.

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—[1]
The breese[2] upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCARUS.

She once being looft,[3]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,[4]
Leaving the fight in height,[5] flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

CANIDIUS.

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself,[6] it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Ay, are you thereabouts? [7]
Why, then, good night indeed.

CANIDIUS.

Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS.

'Tis easy to't;[8] and there I will attend [9]
What further comes.

---

[1] **the elder:** the better. [2] **breese:** gadfly. [3] **looft:** luffed; that is, her ship being turned into the wind. [4] **mallard:** wild drake. [5] **in height:** at its height. [6] **what he knew himself:** true to himself. [7] **are you thereabouts:** is that what you are considering. [8] **to't:** to get there. [9] **attend:** await.

CANIDIUS.

To Cæsar will I render[1]
My legions[2] and my horse:[3] six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I'll yet follow
The wounded chance[4] of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter ANTONY *with* ATTENDANTS.

MARK ANTONY.

Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,—
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated [6] in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

ALL.

Fly! not we.

MARK ANTONY.

I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:

---

[1] **render:** surrender.
[2] **legions:** infantry.
[3] **horse:** cavalry.
[4] **wounded chance:** damaged fortunes.
[5] **Sits in the wind against me:** tells me it is the wrong thing to do.
[6] **lated:** belated; benighted.

My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you.[1] Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness:[2] take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself:[3] to the sea-side straightway:[4]
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,[5]
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS;
EROS *following.*

EROS.
Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.

IRAS.
Do, most dear queen.

CHARMIAN.
Do! why, what else?

CLEOPATRA.
Let me sit down. O Juno!

MARK ANTONY.
No, no, no, no, no.

EROS.
See you here, sir?

MARK ANTONY.
O fie, fie, fie!

CHARMIAN.
Madam,—

IRAS.
Madam, O good empress,—

---

[1] **Sweep your way for you:** make it easy for you to gain favor with Cæsar.
[2] **loathness:** reluctance.
[3] **let . . . itself:** leave me because I am no longer myself.
[4] **straightway:** directly.
[5] **I have lost command:** I have lost control of my own emotions.

EROS.

Sir, sir,—

MARK ANTONY.

Yes, my lord, yes;—he[1] at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer;[2] while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[3] and no practice[4] had
In the brave squares[5] of war: yet now—No matter.

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, stand by.

EROS.

The queen, my lord, the queen.

IRAS.

Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied [6] with very shame.

CLEOPATRA.

Well then,—sustain me:—O!

EROS.

Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but[7]
Your comfort makes the rescue.

MARK ANTONY.

I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS.

Sir, the queen.

MARK ANTONY.

O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back[8] what I have left behind
'Stroy'd [9] in dishonour.

---

[1] **he:** Octavius Cæsar. [2] **like a dancer:** like a dancing rapier (worn with full dress at a ball); i.e., for show only. [3] **Dealt on lieutenantry:** let his lieutenants do his fighting for him. [4] **practice:** experience. [5] **brave squares:** splendid squadrons. [6] **unqualitied:** unmanned (not himself). [7] **but:** unless. [8] **looking back:** Antony keeps his eyes averted. [9] **'Stroy'd:** destroyed.

CLEOPATRA.

O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful [1] sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

MARK ANTONY.

Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

CLEOPATRA.

O, my pardon!

MARK ANTONY.

Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties,[2] dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness;[3] who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA.

Pardon, pardon!

MARK ANTONY.

Fall [4] not a tear, I say; one of them rates[5]
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;[6]
Is a' [7] come back?—Love, I am full of lead.[8]—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **fearful:** cowardly. [2] **treaties:** offers of negotiation. [3] **dodge . . . lowness:** hedge and equivocate like the weak and defeated. [4] **Fall:** let fall. [5] **rates:** is worth. [6] **schoolmaster:** Euphronius, the teacher of Antony's and Cleopatra's children. [7] **a':** he. [8] **lead:** weighty sorrow.

SCENE XII.

CAESAR'S *camp in Egypt.*

Enter CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *with others.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

DOLABELLA.
Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluckt,[1] when hither
He sends so poor a pinion[2] of his wing,
Which had superfluous[3] kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, *ambassador from* ANTONY.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Approach, and speak.

EUPHRONIUS.
Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends[4]
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.[5]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Be't so:—declare thine office.[6]

EUPHRONIUS.
Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires[7] to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess[8] thy greatness;
Submits her[9] to thy might; and of thee craves

---

[1] **pluckt:** shorn of his powers. [2] **pinion:** feather. [3] **superfluous:** more than enough. [4] **petty . . . ends:** insignificant to his plans. [5] **To his grand sea:** "His grand sea may mean his (Antony's) full tide of prosperity."—Steevens. [6] **thine office:** your business. [7] **Requires:** requests; begs permission. [8] **confess:** acknowledge. [9] **her:** herself.

The circle[1] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.[2]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPHRONIUS.

Fortune pursue thee!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Bring[3] him through the bands.[4]
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.
[*to* THYREUS] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From thine invention,[5] offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure[6]
The ne'er-toucht vestal:[7] try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict[8] for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

THYREUS.

Cæsar, I go.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,[9]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

THYREUS.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **circle:** crown. [2] **hazarded to thy Grace:** yours to dispose of as your mercy dictates; at the hazard of your mercy. [3] **Bring:** escort. [4] **bands:** army; troops. [5] **From thine invention:** as you see fit. [6] **perjure:** cause to forget the vows of. [7] **vestal:** vestal virgin. [8] **edict:** reward terms (as if it were a law). [9] **becomes his flaw:** behaves in adversity; bears himself as a disgraced man.

SCENE XIII.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

CLEOPATRA.
What shall we do, Enobarbus?
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
Think, and die.
CLEOPATRA.
Is Antony or we[1] in fault for this?
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
Antony only, that would make his will[2]
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war,[3] whose several ranges[4]
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nickt his captainship;[5] at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question:[6] 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course[7] your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
CLEOPATRA.
Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS, *the ambassador.*

MARK ANTONY.
Is that his answer?
EUPHRONIUS.
Ay, my lord.
MARK ANTONY.
The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

---

[1] **we:** I. [2] **will:** desire (lust). [3] **face of war:** array of battleships. [4] **ranges:** ranks or lines of ships drawn up in battle formation. [5] **nickt his captainship:** marred or cut short his leadership. [6] **The mered question:** the sole cause of the war. [7] **course:** pursue; chase after (as in hunting).

EUPHRONIUS.

He says so.

MARK ANTONY.

Let her know't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.[1]

CLEOPATRA.

That head, my lord?

MARK ANTONY.

To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i'the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons[2] apart,
And answer me declined,[3] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside*].

Yes, like enough, high-battled [4] Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness,[5] and be staged to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of [6] their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures,[7] the full Cæsar will
Answer[8] his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

---

[1] **principalities:** kingdoms. [2] **gay comparisons:** ornate trappings. [3] **answer me declined:** meet me on equal terms. [4] **high-battled:** master of superbly equipped armies. [5] **Unstate his happiness:** strip himself of his advantages of good fortune. [6] **A parcel of:** of a piece with. [7] **Knowing all measures:** being acquainted with every degree of fortune. [8] **Answer:** answer according to.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

A messenger from Cæsar.

CLEOPATRA.

What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
[*Exit* ATTENDANT.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside*].

Mine honesty[1] and I begin to square.[2]
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere[3] folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a faln lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'the story.

Enter THYREUS.

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsar's will?

THYREUS.

Hear it apart.[4]

CLEOPATRA.

None but friends: say boldly.

THYREUS.

So, haply,[5] are they friends to Antony.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

THYREUS.

So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,[6]

---

[1] **honesty:** sense of honor. [2] **square:** quarrel. [3] **mere:** out-and-out. [4] **apart:** in private. [5] **haply:** perhaps. [6] **Not to consider in what case thou stand'st:** that you not be concerned about your present position.

Further than he is Cæsar.[1]

CLEOPATRA.

Go on: right royal.

THYREUS.

He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEOPATRA.

O!

THYREUS.

The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,[2]
Not as deserved.

CLEOPATRA.

He is a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside*].

To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

THYREUS.

Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,[3]
The universal landlord.

CLEOPATRA.

What's your name?

---

[1] **Further than he is Cæsar:** so long as you know your fate is in the hands of Cæsar.

[2] **constrained blemishes:** forced indignities.

[3] **shrowd:** protection.

THYREUS.

My name is Thyreus.

CLEOPATRA.

Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this:—in deputation[1]
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and here to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath[2] I hear
The doom of Egypt.[3]

THYREUS.

'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.[4] Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLEOPATRA.

Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

MARK ANTONY.

Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

THYREUS.

One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside*].

You will be whipt.

MARK ANTONY.

Approach, there!—Ah, you kite! [5]—Now, gods and devils!

---

[1] **in deputation:** i.e., by proxy. [2] **breath:** words. [3] **doom of Egypt:** judgment on Cleopatra. [4] **Wisdom and fortune . . . may shake it:** when wisdom and chance are opposed, if wisdom exercises all its powers, fortune (chance) is powerless to thwart it; that is, if a person has the wisdom to confine his daring to the possible, he is safe. [5] **kite:** low bird of prey (a term of opprobrium).

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss,[1] kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?'—Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Take hence this Jack,[2] and whip him.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside*].

'Tis better[3] playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

MARK ANTONY.

Moon and stars!—
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? [4]—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,[5]
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

THYREUS.

Mark Antony,—

ANTONY.

Tug him away: being whipt,
Bring him again:—this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS *with* THYREUS.

You were half blasted [6] ere I knew you:—ha!
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,[7]
And by a gem of women, to be abused [8]
By one that looks on feeders? [9]

CLEOPATRA.

Good, my lord,—

---

[1] **muss:** a game in which objects are thrown and then scrambled for. [2] **Jack:** impudent fellow (a term of contempt). [3] **better:** safer. [4] **Since she was Cleopatra:** now that she no longer acts like a queen. [5] **cringe his face:** grimace. [6] **half blasted:** past your prime. [7] **a lawful race:** legitimate offspring. [8] **abused:** tricked. [9] **feeders:** beggars.

MARK ANTONY.

You have been a boggler[1] ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.[2]

CLEOPATRA.

O, is't come to this?

MARK ANTONY.

I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher;[3] nay, you were a fragment[4]
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame,[5] you have
Luxuriously[6] pickt out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

CLEOPATRA.

Wherefore is this?

MARK ANTONY.

To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say 'God quit[7] you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high[8] hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,[9] to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare[10] about him.

Enter ATTENDANTS *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipt?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

Soundly, my lord.

---

[1] **boggler:** evader; shifty person. [2] **confusion:** destruction; ruin. [3] **trencher:** wooden platter. [4] **a fragment:** a plaything. [5] **Unregister'd in vulgar fame:** not of common knowledge. [6] **Luxuriously:** lasciviously. [7] **quit:** requite; reward. [8] **high:** noble. [9] **Basan:** an allusion to the Biblical bulls of Bashan. [10] **yare:** adroit; quick.

MARK ANTONY.

Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

He did ask favour.

MARK ANTONY.

If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipt for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,[1]
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment:[2] look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs,[3] and shot their fires
Into th'abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched [4] bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me[5] urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit* THYREUS.

CLEOPATRA.

Have you done yet?

MARK ANTONY.

Alack, our terrene moon[6]
Is now eclipst; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

CLEOPATRA.

I must stay his time.[7]

---

[1] **fever thee:** make you shake as with a fever. [2] **entertainment:** reception. [3] **orbs:** spheres. [4] **enfranched:** freed. [5] **quit me:** pay me back. [6] **terrene moon:** Cleopatra, the earthly form of the moon goddess, Isis. [7] **stay his time:** be patient until he comes to his senses.

MARK ANTONY.

To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?[1]

CLEOPATRA.

Not know me yet?

MARK ANTONY.

Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[2] so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion[3] smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[4] of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

MARK ANTONY.

I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate.[5] Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[6] threatening most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;[7]
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:[8]
There's hope in't yet.

CLEOPATRA.

That's my brave lord!

MARK ANTONY.

I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,

---

[1] **one that ties his points:** i.e., his valet; points were laces which attached the hose to the doublet. [2] **determines:** melts. [3] **Cæsarion:** the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra. [4] **discandying:** melting. [5] **fate:** i.e., the destiny of Cæsar to destroy Antony. [6] **fleet:** are afloat. [7] **in blood:** in full vigor and courage (a hunting term). [8] **our chronicle:** our place in history.

And fight maliciously:[1] for when mine hours
Were nice[2] and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy[3] night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLEOPATRA.

It is my birth-day:
I had thought t'have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

MARK ANTONY.

We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA.

Call all his noble captains to my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.[4]

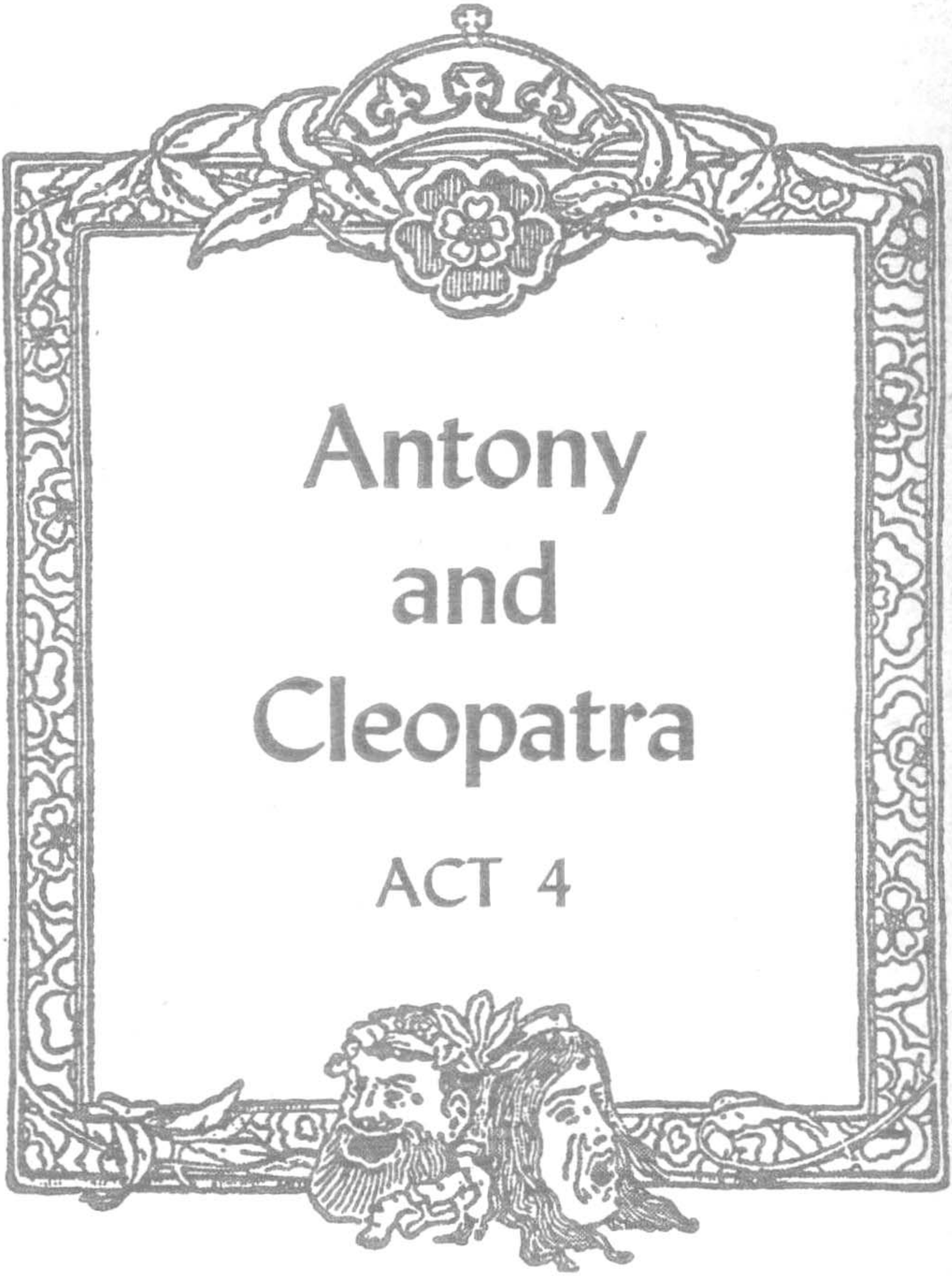
[*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge;[5] and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.[6] I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

---

[1] **maliciously:** savagely; furiously. [2] **nice:** that is, capable of picking and choosing. [3] **gaudy:** festive. [4] **contend . . . scythe:** equal the slaughter of the plague. [5] **estridge:** goshawk. [6] **when valour . . . fights with:** "Discretion is the better part of valour."



Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 4

ACT IV

BOTH CAESAR AND ANTONY prepare for the ensuing battle, Antony with traces of the quality that gave him the command and loyalty of men. That night the soldiers on watch hear a mysterious music and it seems that Antony's divine protection is leaving him. Cleopatra arms Antony herself, but even she has her doubts. Enobarbus realizes his own loss in his betrayal. Antony generously sends the defector's treasures after him, but the militarily efficient Cæsar uses turncoats in the first line of attack as thoroughly expendable. The day, however, goes to Antony, and his return from battle is triumphant. But this cannot last. On the third encounter, when both the navy and army engage, the Egyptian fleet surrenders. Antony's immediate conclusion is that Cleopatra has finally betrayed him. She anticipates the oncoming fury by hiding and sending word that she is dead. When Antony hears this news, his last connection with life is severed. He requests his servant to hold his sword for him to run upon, but Eros dies himself rather than kill his master. Antony falls on his own sword—but his humiliation is not yet complete. He is a failure even in Roman dying and is carried, fatally wounded, to Cleopatra. She is afraid to come down from her hiding place and Antony is raised to her. He is calm in his dying, for he has finally escaped his misery and degradation; he dies as he once had lived, a valiant Roman. Cleopatra's lament is for her lover and her emperor.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CAESAR'S *camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MAECENAS, *with his army;* CAESAR *reading a letter.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

He calls me boy; and chides, as he[1] had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipt with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony:—let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

MAECENAS.

Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath,[2] but now
Make boot of his distraction:[3]—never anger
Made good guard for itself.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Let our best heads[4]
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—within our files[5] there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store[6] to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **as he:** as though he.

[2] **breath:** no time to organize.

[3] **Make boot of his distraction:** take advantage of his madness.

[4] **best heads:** commanders-in-chief.

[5] **files:** ranks.

[6] **store:** provisions.

Scene II.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others.*

MARK ANTONY.
He will not fight with me, Domitius.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
No.

MARK ANTONY.
Why should he not?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

MARK ANTONY.
To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or[1] I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't[2] thou fight well?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'[3]

MARK ANTONY.
Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four SERVITORS.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;[4]—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou;—you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.[5]

CLEOPATRA [*aside to* ENOBARBUS].
What means this?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside to* CLEOPATRA].

---

[1] **or:** either.
[2] **Woo't:** wilt.
[3] **'Take all':** "Winner take all."
[4] **honest:** loyal; faithful.
[5] **fellows:** companions.

'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

MARK ANTONY.

And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

SERVANTS.

The gods forbid!

MARK ANTONY.

Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

CLEOPATRA [*aside to* ENOBARBUS].

What does he mean?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [*aside to* CLEOPATRA].

To make his followers weep.

MARK ANTONY.

Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period [1] of your duty:
Haply[2] you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield [3] you for't!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

---

[1] **period**: end.
[2] **Haply**: perhaps.
[3] **yield**: reward.

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

MARK ANTONY.

Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me,[1] if I meant it thus!
Grace[2] grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous[3] a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort,[4]—did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration.[5] [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Before CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter a company of SOLDIERS.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER.

It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Nothing. What news?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Belike[6] 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Well, sir, good night.

They meet other SOLDIERS.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Soldiers, have careful watch.

---

[1] **Now the witch take me:** now may I be bewitched.
[2] **Grace:** virtue.
[3] **dolorous:** sad, solemn.
[4] **for your comfort:** to hearten you.
[5] **consideration:** sad reflection.
[6] **Belike:** most likely.

THIRD SOLDIER.

And you. Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive,[1] I have an absolute hope
Our landmen[2] will stand up.

THIRD SOLDIER.

'Tis a brave[3] army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys*[4] *as under the stage.*

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Peace! what noise?

FIRST SOLDIER.

List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER.

Music i'the air.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLDIER.

It signs[5] well, does it not?

THIRD SOLDIER.

No.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Peace, I say!
What should this mean?

SECOND SOLDIER.

'Tis the god Hercules,[6] whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

---

[1] **thrive:** is victorious.
[2] **landmen:** land soldiers.
[3] **brave:** gallant; fine.
[4] ***hautboys:*** oboes.
[5] **signs:** augurs.
[6] **Hercules:** Antony claimed descent from Hercules.

FIRST SOLDIER.
Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do? [*They advance to another post.*

SECOND SOLDIER.
How now, masters!

SOLDIERS [*speaking together*].
How now!
How now! do you hear this?

FIRST SOLDIER.
Ay; is't not strange?

THIRD SOLDIER.
Do you hear, masters?[1] do you hear?

FIRST SOLDIER.
Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;[2]
Let's see how it will give off.[3]

SOLDIERS.
Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

MARK ANTONY.
Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEOPATRA.
Sleep a little.

MARK ANTONY.
No, my chuck.[4]—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!
Enter EROS *with armour.*
Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—

---

[1] **masters:** sirs.
[2] **as far as we have quarter:** as far as our watch extends.
[3] **give off:** leave off; end.
[4] **chuck:** a term of endearment.

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:[1]—come.

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

MARK ANTONY.

Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.

CLEOPATRA.

Sooth,[2] la, I'll help: thus it must be.

MARK ANTONY.

Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

EROS.

Briefly, sir.

CLEOPATRA.

Is not this buckled well?

MARK ANTONY.

Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't[3] for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire[4]
More tight[5] at this than thou: dispatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! [6] thou shouldst see
A workman[7] in't.

Enter an arm'd SOLDIER.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

---

[1] **brave her:** go to meet her. [2] **Sooth:** in truth. [3] **daff't:** doff it; take it off. [4] **squire:** a squire was supposed to arm his knight. [5] **tight:** adept; handy. [6] **royal occupation:** warfare—work suitable for a king. [7] **workman:** expert craftsman.

To business that we love we rise betime,[1]
And go to't with delight.

SOLDIER.

A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,[2]
And at the port[3] expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter CAPTAINS *and* SOLDIERS.

CAPTAIN.

The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

ALL.

Good morrow, general.

MARK ANTONY.

'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check[4] it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment;[5] I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, CAPTAINS, *and* SOLDIERS.

CHARMIAN.

Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLEOPATRA.

Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **betime:** betimes; early.
[2] **riveted trim:** armor.
[3] **port:** gate.
[4] **check:** rebuke.
[5] **mechanic compliment:** i.e., a leave-taking more suitable for common people (mechanics) than for a warrior.

SCENE V.

ANTONY'S *camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS;
a SOLDIER *meeting them.*

SOLDIER.
The gods make this a happy[1] day to Antony!

MARK ANTONY.
Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

SOLDIER.
Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

MARK ANTONY.
Who's gone this morning?

SOLDIER.
Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

MARK ANTONY.
What say'st thou?

SOLDIER.
Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

EROS.
Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

MARK ANTONY.
Is he gone?

---

[1] happy: lucky.

SOLDIER.

Most certain.

MARK ANTONY.

Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot,[1] I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe[2]—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

CAESAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CAESAR *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will [3] is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

AGRIPPA.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nookt world [4]
Shall bear the olive freely.[5]

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Antony
Is come into the field.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,[6]

---

[1] **no jot:** not a moment. [2] **subscribe:** sign it. [3] **will:** command. [4] **three-nookt world:** a reference to the division of the world between the triumvirs—Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus. [5] **Shall bear the olive freely:** that is, the olive branch (a sign of peace) would spring up everywhere. [6] **Plant . . . van:** place those who have deserted Antony in the vanguard (front) of battle.

That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment,[1] but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER *of* CAESAR'S.

SOLDIER.
Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus:[2] the messenger
Came on my guard;[3] and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
I give it you.

SOLDIER.
Mock not, Enorbarbus.
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host;[4] I must attend mine office,[5]
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.
I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[6] my heart:

---

[1] **have entertainment:** have been accepted as soldiers, with pay.
[2] **overplus:** in addition.
[3] **on my guard:** while I was on my watch.
[4] **safed . . . host:** provide safe conduct through Caesar's army.
[5] **office:** duty.
[6] **blows:** swells to bursting.

If swift thought[1] break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

AGRIPPA.
Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work,[2] and our oppression[3]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

SCARUS.
O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts[4] about their heads.

MARK ANTONY.
Thou bleed'st apace.[5]

SCARUS.
I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

MARK ANTONY.
They do retire.

SCARUS.
We'll beat 'em into bench-holes:[6] I have yet
Room for six scotches[7] more.

---

[1] **thought:** melancholy. [2] **has work:** is hard pressed. [3] **oppression:** opposition. [4] **clouts:** cloths; bandages. [5] **apace:** profusely. [6] **bench-holes:** the holes or seats of privies. [7] **scotches:** slashes; gashes.

Enter EROS.

EROS.
They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.[1]
SCARUS.
Let us score[2] their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
MARK ANTONY.
I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
SCARUS.
I'll halt[3] after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarums. Enter ANTONY *again in a march;*
SCARUS, *with others.*

MARK ANTONY.
We have beat him to his camp:—run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.[4]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.[5]
Enter the city, clip[6] your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss

---

[1] **our advantage serves/For a fair victory:** that is, circumstances being in their favor, they have a chance for a "fair victory." [2] **score:** lash. [3] **halt:** limp. [4] **gests:** great deeds; exploits. [5] **all Hectors:** all as brave as Hector, the bravest of the Trojans. [6] **clip:** embrace.

The honour'd gashes whole.—[*To* SCARUS] Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy[1] I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—[*To* CLEOPATRA] O thou day o'the world,[2]
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[3] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing! [4]

CLEOPATRA.

Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue,[5] comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

MARK ANTONY.

My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray
Do something[6] mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.[7] Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEOPATRA.

I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

MARK ANTONY.

He hath deserved it, were it carbuncled [8]
Like holy Phœbus' car.[9]—Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;

---

[1] **fairy:** enchantress. [2] **day o'the world:** sun of my world. [3] **proof of harness:** armor of proof. [4] **Ride on the pants triumphing:** ride triumphant (like a ship) on the waves (billows). [5] **virtue:** valor. [6] **Do something:** does somewhat. [7] **Get goal for goal of youth:** win as many goals as young men. [8] **carbuncled:** encrusted with gems. [9] **Phoebus' car:** the sun god's chariot.

Bear our hackt targets[1] like the men that owe[2] them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses[3] to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;[4]
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

CAESAR'S *camp.*

SENTINELS *at their post.*

FIRST SOLDIER.

If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court-of-guard:[5] the night
Is shiny;[6] and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.

SECOND SOLDIER.

This last day was
A shrewd [7] one to's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

O, bear me witness, night,—

THIRD SOLDIER.

What man is this?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Stand close,[8] and list him.[9]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

---

[1] **hackt targets:** dented shields. [2] **owe:** own. [3] **carouses:** healths drunk to the bottom of the tankard. [4] **tabourines:** drums. [5] **court-of-guard:** guardroom; place of muster. [6] **shiny:** moonlit. [7] **shrewd:** bitter; cursed. [8] **close:** in concealment. [9] **list him:** listen to him.

When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

FIRST SOLDIER.

Enobarbus!

THIRD SOLDIER.

Peace!
Hark further.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,[1]
The poisonous damp of night disponge[2] upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;[3]
But let the world rank me in register[4]
A master-leaver[5] and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

SECOND SOLDIER.

Let's speak
To him.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Swounds rather;[6] for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

---

[1] **O . . . melancholy:** the moon.
[2] **disponge:** squeeze out; drop as from a sponge.
[3] **in thine own particular:** personally.
[4] **rank me in register:** set me down in the records.
[5] **A master-leaver:** a deserter of his master (as a runaway slave).
[6] **Swounds:** swoons; faints.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Go we to him.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Hear you, sir?

FIRST SOLDIER.

The hand of death hath raught[1] him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely[2] wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court-of-guard: he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.

Ground between the two camps.

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with their* ARMY.

MARK ANTONY.

Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

SCARUS.

For both, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

I would they'ld fight i'the fire or i'the air;[3]
We'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city—
Where their appointment[4] we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour—
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven.[5] [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **raught:** reached.
[2] **Demurely:** solemnly; with muffled drums.
[3] **i'the fire or i'the air:** i.e., in the other two elements.
[4] **appointment:** numbers.
[5] **put forth the haven:** set out from the harbor.

SCENE XI.

Another part of the same.

Enter CAESAR *and his* ARMY.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

But being charged,[1] we will be still [2] by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.[3] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Another part of the same.

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

MARK ANTONY.

Yet they are not join'd:[4] where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight,[5] how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

SCARUS.

Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers[6]
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted [7] fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Enter ANTONY.

MARK ANTONY.

All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

---

[1] **But being charged:** unless we are attacked. [2] **be still:** remain quiet. [3] **hold our best advantage:** occupy the best positions possible. [4] **join'd:** engaged (in battle). [5] **Straight:** immediately. [6] **augurers:** soothsayers. [7] **fretted:** checkered; mingled.

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd [1] whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,[2]
I have done all:—bid them all fly; begone. [*Exit* SCARUS.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd [3] me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy,[4] melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is barkt,[5]
That overtopt them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,[6]—
Whose eye beckt[7] forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet,[8] my chief end,—
Like a right[9] gipsy, hath, as fast and loose,[10]
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.[11]—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! [12]

CLEOPATRA.

Why is my lord enraged against his love?

MARK ANTONY.

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish[13] Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

---

[1] **Tripled-turn'd:** that is, Cleopatra has turned from Pompey to Julius Cæsar, from Julius Cæsar to Antony, and from Antony to Octavius Cæsar. [2] **charm:** Cleopatra. [3] **spaniel'd:** followed like pet dogs. [4] **discandy:** melt. [5] **barkt:** stripped. [6] **grave charm:** fatal sorceress. [7] **beckt:** beckoned. [8] **crownet:** coronet. [9] **right:** typical. [10] **fast and loose:** a cheating game. [11] **very . . . loss:** utter loss. [12] **Avaunt:** be gone. [13] **blemish:** mar.

Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;[1] and let
Patient Octavia plough[2] thy visage up
With her prepared[3] nails. [*Exit* CLEOPATRA.
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus[4] is upon me:—teach me,
Alcides,[5] thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas[6] on the horns o'the moon;
And with those hands, that graspt the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

CLEOPATRA.

Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon[7] for his shield; the boar of Thessaly[8]
Was never so embost.[9]

CHARMIAN.

To the monument![10]
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

---

[1] **most monster-like . . . doits:** be shown as a freak at a side show for a trifling sum of money. [2] **plough:** scratch. [3] **prepared:** sharpened for this purpose. [4] **Nessus:** the centaur Nessus. [5] **Alcides:** Hercules. [6] **Lichas:** the servant thrown into the sea by Hercules. [7] **Telamon:** Ajax, who went mad when the shield of Achilles was awarded to Ulysses. [8] **the boar of Thessaly:** a boar slain by Meleager. [9] **embost:** infuriated (frothing). [10] **monument:** Cleopatra's tomb.

The soul and body rive[1] not more in parting
Than greatness going off.[2]

CLEOPATRA.

To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

The same. Another room.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

MARK ANTONY.

Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS.

Ay, noble lord.

MARK ANTONY.

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.[3]

EROS.

Ay, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns,[4] and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

---

[1] **rive:** split.

[2] **greatness going off:** a great or noble person in a towering rage.

[3] **black vesper's pageants:** the pageant in the sky that heralds the coming of evening (darkness).

[4] **The rack dislimns:** the drifting clouds efface.

EROS.

It does, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annext unto't
A million moe,[1] now lost,—she, Eros, has
Packt cards[2] with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.[3]

MARDIAN.

No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

MARK ANTONY.

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

MARDIAN.

Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged:[4] what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd [5] life,
Thy name so buried in her.

---

[1] **moe:** more.

[2] **Packt cards:** stacked the cards; conspired.

[3] **robb'd me of my sword:** this may be taken literally; Cleopatra took his sword to prevent his killing himself.

[4] **discharged:** paid in full.

[5] **render'd:** surrendered; gave up.

MARK ANTONY.

Dead, then?

MARDIAN.

Dead.

MARK ANTONY.

Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—[*to* MARDIAN] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour[1] richly; go. [*Exit* MARDIAN.
Off, pluck off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax[2] cannot keep
The battery[3] from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,[4]
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.
[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther, now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength:[5] seal [6] then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay[7] for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port[8] make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas[9] shall want troops,[10]
And all the haunt[11] be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter EROS.

EROS.

What would my lord?

---

[1] **labour:** i.e., as a messenger. [2] **seven-fold shield of Ajax:** Ajax's shield was composed of seven thicknesses of hide. [3] **battery:** deadly assault. [4] **continent:** case. [5] **very force . . . strength:** i.e., the violence of exertion works against itself. [6] **seal:** put on the seal (of death). [7] **Stay:** wait. [8] **port:** bearing. [9] **Dido . . . Aeneas:** famous pair of lovers. [10] **want troops:** lack admiring followers. [11] **haunt:** Elysian Fields.

MARK ANTONY.

Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent[1] should come,—which now
Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
Th'inevitable prosecution[2] of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.[3]

EROS.

The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

MARK ANTONY.

Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd [4] in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleacht[5] arms, bending down
His corrigible[6] neck, his face subdued
To penetrative[7] shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued? [8]

EROS.

I would not see't.

---

[1] **the exigent:** the emergency; the time of crisis. [2] **prosecution:** pursuit. [3] **Put colour in thy cheek:** be a man. [4] **window'd:** standing at a window. [5] **pleacht:** folded. [6] **corrigible:** submissive. [7] **penetrative:** penetrating. [8] **whilst . . . ensued:** while Antony was made a target of ridicule (as if publicly branded) as he followed Cæsar's triumphant chariot through the streets of Rome.

MARK ANTONY.

Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS.

O, sir, pardon me!

MARK ANTONY.

When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent[1] services are all
But accidents unpurposed.[2] Draw, and come.

EROS.

Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.[3]

MARK ANTONY.

Lo thee! *[Turning from him.*

EROS.

My sword is drawn.

MARK ANTONY.

Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS.

My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

MARK ANTONY.

'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

EROS.

Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

MARK ANTONY.

Now, Eros.

---

[1] **precedent:** previous.

[2] **accidents unpurposed:** meaningless incidents.

[3] **Wherein the worship . . . lies:** which all the world adores (as a god).

EROS.

Why, there then [*kills himself*]:—thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

MARK ANTONY.

Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record:[1] but I will be
A bridegroom in my death,[2] and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar:[3] to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learnt of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* GUARD.

FIRST GUARD.

What's the noise?

MARK ANTONY.

I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

SECOND GUARD.

The star is faln.

FIRST GUARD.

And time is at his period.[4]

ALL.

Alas, and woe!

MARK ANTONY.

Let him that loves me strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD.

Not I.

---

[1] **My queen . . . in record:** that is, Cleopatra and Eros have won over me in the history of noble deeds.

[2] **A bridegroom in my death:** if I must die, let me go joyfully, hugging death to me.

[3] **dies thy scholar:** i.e., their roles are reversed.

[4] **period:** end.

SECOND GUARD.

Nor I.

THIRD GUARD.

Nor any one. [*Exeunt* GUARD.

DERCETAS.

Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.[1]

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIOMEDES.

Where's Antony?

DERCETAS.

There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES.

Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.

MARK ANTONY.

Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing[2] strokes for death.

DIOMEDES.

Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

MARK ANTONY.

When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES.

Now, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

Where is she?

DIOMEDES.

Lockt in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

---

[1] **Shall enter me with him:** shall be my entrée into his favor.
[2] **Sufficing:** sufficient; enough.

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar[1] and that your rage
Would not be purged,[2] she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

MARK ANTONY.

Too late, good Diomed:—call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES.

What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lords calls!

Enter four or five of the GUARD *of* ANTONY.

MARK ANTONY.

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD.

Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

ALL.

Most heavy[3] day!

MARK ANTONY.

Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp[4] fate
To grace[5] it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

---

[1] **She had disposed with Cæsar:** she had come to terms with Cæsar.
[2] **purged:** driven out; dispelled (by her words of innocence).
[3] **heavy:** woeful.
[4] **sharp:** cruel.
[5] **To grace:** by gracing.

SCENE XV.

The same. A monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and her* MAIDS *aloft, with* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

CLEOPATRA.

O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN.

Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA.

No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.[1]

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

DIOMEDES.

His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* GUARD.

CLEOPATRA.

O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling[2] stand
The varying shore o'the world.[3]—O Antony,
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;—
Help, friends below!—let's draw him hither.

MARK ANTONY.

Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

---

[1] **As that which makes it:** Antony.
[2] **darkling:** in darkness.
[3] **The varying shore o'the world:** the dark (night) and light (day) sides of the world.

But Antony's hath triumpht on itself.

CLEOPATRA.

So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

MARK ANTONY.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile,[1] until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA.

I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not th'imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be broocht[2] with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion,[3] shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.[4]—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

MARK ANTONY.

O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA.

Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;[5]
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They heave* ANTONY *aloft to* CLEOPATRA.

---

[1] **importune death awhile:** beg death to delay a little.
[2] **broocht:** ornamented.
[3] **still conclusion:** silent censure.
[4] **Demuring upon me:** gazing at me with her air of innocence and quiet pondering.
[5] **heaviness:** sorrow; grief.

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken[1] with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL.

A heavy sight!

MARK ANTONY.

I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA.

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife[2] Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.[3]

MARK ANTONY.

One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

CLEOPATRA.

They do not go together.

MARK ANTONY.

Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA.

My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

MARK ANTONY.

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman

---

[1] **Quicken:** revive; make live.
[2] **housewife:** hussy.
[3] **Provoked by my offence:** angered by my offensive words.

Valiantly vanquisht. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

CLEOPATRA.

Noblest of men, woo't[1] die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women, [Antony *dies.*
The crown o'the earth doth melt.—My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldiers' pole[2] is faln: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds[3] is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

CHARMIAN.

O, quietness, lady!

IRAS.

She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN.

Lady!

IRAS.

Madam!

CHARMIAN.

O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS.

Royal Egypt, Empress!

CHARMIAN.

Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA.

No more, but e'en a woman,[4] and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.[5]—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

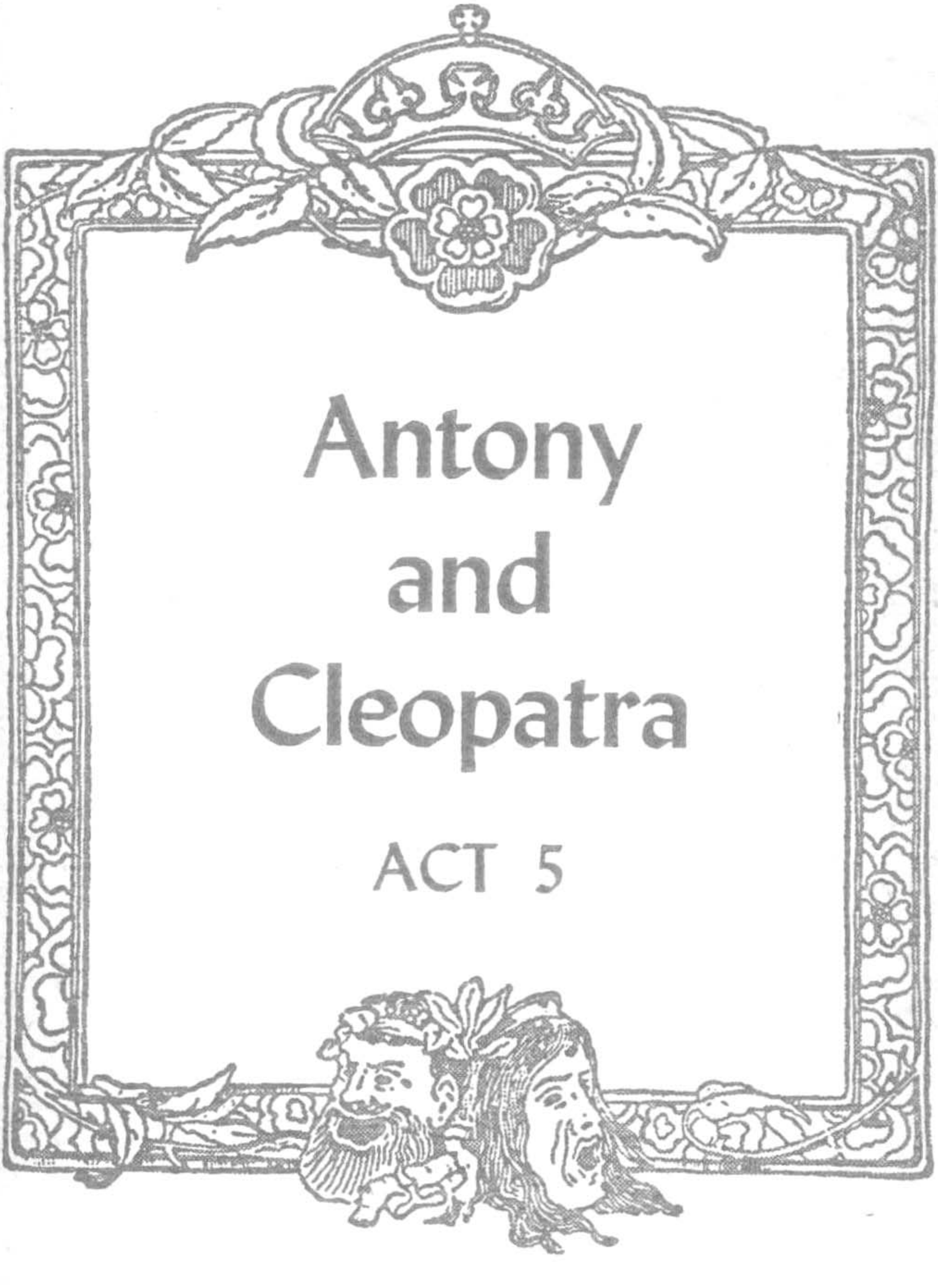
---

[1] **woo't:** wilt thou. [2] **pole:** standard, or perhaps lodestar. [3] **the odds:** the superiority; the distinctive difference that made Antony so superior to all other men. [4] **No more, but e'en a woman:** I am not an empress any more; only a woman. [5] **chares:** chores; household tasks.

To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stoln our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish,[1] and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs,[2] take heart:—
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *body.*

---

[1] **sottish**: stupid.
[2] **Good sirs**: she is addressing the women.



Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 5

ACT V

Caesar is handed Antony's blood-stained sword as proof of his rival's death and can now safely allow Antony his greatness. Cleopatra is his target, to serve as the climax of his triumphal procession into Rome. She is not much taken by the assurances of Cæsar's soldiers as to his mercy but is captured by surprise. The Roman Dolabella is easily made to give Cleopatra the certainty of what Cæsar intends to do with her. Cæsar himself arrives, tries to soothe her as he would his prize pet trophy. Her holding back of jewels from the accounts she surrenders seems to indicate she is not through with life and its necessary subterfuges. But her real escape arrives with a farmer carrying a basket of figs. Cleopatra has long prepared herself for every turn of fortune, the need for a soft escape into death being one such eventuality. She puts on her royal robes and goes to meet Antony, now her husband in a death she accepts with him. From the basket comes the poisonous asp that softly lets her join Antony. Cæsar hurriedly returns to find a queen still beautiful, as if only asleep . . .

> As she would catch another Antony
> In her strong toil of grace.

Cæsar orders a royal funeral for the now celebrated lovers before his return to Rome and sole mastery of the Empire.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CAESAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MAECENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate,[1] tell him he mocks[2]
The pauses that he makes.

DOLABELLA.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus[3] to us?

---

[1] **frustrate:** frustrated.

[2] **he mocks . . . makes:** he makes a mockery of his delays (evasions).

[3] **thus:** i.e., with an unsheathed, bloody sword.

DERCETAS.

I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

What is't thou say'st?

DERCETAS.

I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil [1] streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety[2] of the world.

DERCETAS.

He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self [3] hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

---

[1] **civil:** city.
[2] **moiety:** half (often *share*).
[3] **self:** selfsame.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is[1] a tidings
To wash the eyes[2] of kings.

AGRIPPA.

And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.[3]

MAECENAS.

His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

AGRIPPA.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is toucht.

MAECENAS.

When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this:—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine;[4] we could not stall together[5]
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign[6] as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design,[7] my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,[8]—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.[9]—Hear me, good friends,—

---

[1] **but it is:** if it is. [2] **wash the eyes:** bring tears to the eyes. [3] **persisted deeds:** the deeds that we persist most in accomplishing. [4] **I must . . . thine:** you either had to see my fortunes decline or I yours. [5] **stall together:** literally, share the same stall. [6] **sovereign:** potent. [7] **In . . . design:** in the conception and carrying out of the loftiest of enterprises. [8] **Where . . . kindle:** where my heart found its inspiration. [9] **should . . . this:** should sunder our equality of fortune by death.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:[1]

Enter a MESSENGER.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

MESSENGER.

A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself [2]
To the way she's forced to.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.[3]

MESSENGER.

So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion[4] shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal [5] stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph:[6] go,
And with your speediest[7] bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

PROCULEIUS.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Gallus, go you along. [*Exit* GALLUS.] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

---

[1] **meeter season:** more appropriate time. [2] **preparedly may frame herself:** may prepare her frame of mind. [3] **ungentle:** ungenerous. [4] **passion:** grief; emotion. [5] **mortal:** fatal. [6] **for her life . . . triumph:** for her living presence in Rome would make our triumphant entrance there a never-to-be-forgotten memory. [7] **your speediest:** your best speed.

AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, &c.

Dolabella!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A room in the monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

CLEOPATRA.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.[1] 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,[2]
A minister[3] of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates[4] more the dug,[5]
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* SOLDIERS.

PROCULEIUS.

Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA.

What's thy name?

---

[1] **A better life:** i.e., a life in which there is more nobility.
[2] **knave:** servant.
[3] **minister:** mere agent.
[4] **palates:** tastes.
[5] **dug:** breast; nipple (nourishing alike the beggar and Cæsar).

PROCULEIUS.

My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA.

Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting.[1] If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum,[2] must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PROCULEIUS.

Be of good cheer;
Y'are faln into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency;[3] and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,[4]
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEOPATRA.

Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.[5] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.

PROCULEIUS.

This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

---

[1] **I do not . . . trusting:** Cleopatra is throwing Proculeius off his guard by pretending that she is indifferent to whether he is true or not. [2] **keep decorum:** behave in a queenly manner. [3] **Your sweet dependency:** your gentle submission to his will. [4] **pray in aid . . . kindness:** a legal term; petition to be allowed to do you a kindness. [5] **The greatness he has got:** the greatness he has won for himself by conquering me.

GALLUS.

You see how easily she may be surprised:[1]

[*Here* PROCULEIUS *and two of the* GUARD *ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the* GUARD *unbar and open the gates.*

[*to* PROCULEIUS *and the* GUARD] Guard her till Cæsar come.
[*Exit.*

IRAS.

Royal queen!

CHARMIAN.

O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

CLEOPATRA.

Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

PROCULEIUS.

Hold, worthy[2] lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

CLEOPATRA.

What, of death too,
That rids our dogs[3] of languish? [4]

PROCULEIUS.

Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th'undoing[5] of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.[6]

CLEOPATRA.

Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

---

[1] **surprised:** captured.
[2] **worthy:** noble.
[3] **our dogs:** even our dogs.
[4] **languish:** wasting away; suffering.
[5] **undoing:** destruction.
[6] **come forth:** become known.

PROCULEIUS.

O, temperance, lady!

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,[1]
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house[2] I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd [3] at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry[4]
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! [5] rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS.

You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA.

Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

PROCULEIUS.

So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[*to* CLEOPATRA] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.[6]

---

[1] **If idle talk . . . necessary:** if, for this once, I must prattle. [2] **mortal house:** body. [3] **pinion'd:** with clipped wings. [4] **varletry:** rabble. [5] **Blow me into abhorring:** swell my dead body with their eggs until I am an object of loathing. [6] **employ me to him:** ask me to deliver your message to him.

CLEOPATRA.

Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS *and* SOLDIERS.

DOLABELLA.

Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEOPATRA.

I cannot tell.

DOLABELLA.

Assuredly you know me.

CLEOPATRA.

No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?[1]

DOLABELLA.

I understand not, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

I dreamt there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOLABELLA.

If it might please ye,—

CLEOPATRA.

His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

DOLABELLA.

Most sovereign creature,—

CLEOPATRA.

His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd [2] arm
Crested [3] the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres,[4] and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail [5] and shake the orb,[6]
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

---

[1] **trick:** habit; way. [2] **rear'd:** raised. [3] **Crested:** surmounted (as in heraldry). [4] **was propertied . . . spheres:** was as musical as all the tuneful spheres (the concentric spheres in which it was believed the heavenly bodies were set.) [5] **to quail:** to strike fear into; to terrify. [6] **orb:** the earth.

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like;[1] they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walkt crowns and crownets;[2] realms and islands were
As plates[3] dropt from his pocket.

DOLABELLA.

Cleopatra,—

CLEOPATRA.

Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOLABELLA.

Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA.

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size[4] of dreaming: nature wants[5] stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy;[6] yet, t'imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.[7]

DOLABELLA.

Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

CLEOPATRA.

I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA.

I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

---

[1] **dolphin-like:** not submerged in his seas of pleasure but always above them. [2] **crownets:** princes. [3] **plates:** silver pieces (from the Spanish *plata*). [4] **size:** scope. [5] **wants:** lacks. [6] **To vie . . . with fancy:** to compete with fancy in the creation of wondrous forms. [7] **were nature's . . . quite:** would be nature's masterpiece, far better than the unreal things created by the imagination.

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, pray you, sir,—

DOLABELLA.

Though he be honourable,—

CLEOPATRA.

He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOLABELLA.

Madam, he will; I know't. *[Flourish and shout within,*
'Make way there,—Cæsar!'

Enter CAESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MAECENAS, SELEUCUS, *and others of his* TRAIN.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Which is the Queen of Egypt?

DOLABELLA.

It is the emperor, madam. [CLEOPATRA *kneels.*

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Take to you no hard thoughts:[1]
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

CLEOPATRA.

Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project[2] mine own cause so well
To make it clear;[3] but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

---

[1] **Take to you no hard thoughts:** do not think of me as your enemy.
[2] **project:** set forth.
[3] **clear:** understandable (to you).

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:[1]
If you apply yourself to our intents,[2]—
Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEOPATRA.

And may,[3] through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons[4] and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

This is the brief [5] of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possest of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things omitted.—Where's Seleucus?

SELEUCUS.

Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS.

Madam,
I had rather seal [6] my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

---

[1] **extenuate rather than enforce:** make light of or excuse your former actions, rather than emphasizing them. [2] **If . . . intents:** if you carry out our wishes, or intentions. [3] **And may:** and so you may. [4] **scutcheons:** shields showing the armorial bearings (often hung up for display). [5] **brief:** comprehensive list. [6] **seal:** seel; sew up (as in falconry).

CLEOPATRA.

What have I kept back?

SELEUCUS.

Enough to purchase what you have made known.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEOPATRA.

See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! [1] mine[2] will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates,[3] yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEOPATRA.

O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel [4] the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! [5] Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady[6] trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys,[7] things of such dignity[8]
As we greet modern[9] friends withal;[10] and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

---

[1] **How pomp is follow'd:** how royalty is served. [2] **mine:** my followers. [3] **shift estates:** exchange places. [4] **parcel:** add to. [5] **envy:** malice. [6] **lady:** feminine. [7] **Immoment toys:** trinkets of no moment (importance). [8] **dignity:** value; worth. [9] **modern:** ordinary. [10] **withal:** with.

For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With[1] one that I have bred? [2] The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.—[*to* SELEUCUS] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits[3]
Through the ashes of my chance:[4] wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* SELEUCUS.

CLEOPATRA.

Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought[5]
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,[6]
Are therefore to be pitied.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i'the roll of conquest:[7] still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize[8] with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

CLEOPATRA.

My master, and my lord!

---

[1] **unfolded/With:** exposed by. [2] **bred:** that is, bred as a slave. [3] **show the cinders of my spirits:** display the hot coals of my royal temper. [4] **chance:** mischance. [5] **misthought:** blamed. [6] **We answer . . . name:** we are held responsible for the deeds of other people done in our name. [7] **the roll of conquest:** the inventory of the spoils of victory. [8] **make prize:** haggle.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* CAESAR *and his* TRAIN.

CLEOPATRA.

He words me,[1] girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

IRAS.

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.[2]

CLEOPATRA.

Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN.

Madam, I will.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA.

Where is the queen?

CHARMIAN.

Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

CLEOPATRA.

Dolabella!

DOLABELLA.

Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

---

[1] **He words me:** he plies me with empty words.
[2] **we are for the dark:** we must make use of the dark.

CLEOPATRA.

Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA.

I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

CLEOPATRA.

Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet,[1] shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,[2]
With greasy aprons, rules,[3] and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank[4] of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

IRAS.

The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras:—saucy lictors[5]
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald [6] rimers
Ballad us[7] out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy[8] my greatness
I'the posture[9] of a whore.

IRAS.

O the good gods!

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, that's certain.

IRAS.

I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

---

[1] **puppet:** an allusion to the puppet shows of the time. [2] **mechanic slaves:** slaves doing the lowest form of manual labor. [3] **rules:** measuring sticks. [4] **Rank:** smelling offensively. [5] **lictors:** petty law officers. [6] **scald:** scurvy; scabby. [7] **Ballad us:** sing of our shame. [8] **boy:** boys usually took the parts of women on the stage. [9] **posture:** bearing; mien.

CLEOPATRA.

Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!—
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah[1] Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare,[2] I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's[3] this noise?

[*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter a GUARDSMAN.

GUARDSMAN.

Here is a rural fellow[4]
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA.

Let him come in. [*Exit* GUARDSMAN.
What poor an instrument[5]
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed,[6] and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant;[7] now the fleeting moon[8]
No planet is of mine.

Enter GUARDSMAN, *with* CLOWN *bringing in a basket.*

GUARDSMAN.

This is the man.

---

[1] **sirrah:** a familiar term of address to servants of both sexes. [2] **chare:** chore; task. [3] **Wherefore's:** what is the cause of. [4] **rural fellow:** countryman. [5] **What poor an instrument:** what a poor instrument. [6] **placed:** settled; firm. [7] **marble-constant:** as firm and unrelenting as cold marble. [8] **fleeting moon:** inconstant moon.

CLEOPATRA.

Avoid,[1] and leave him. [*Exit* GUARDSMAN.
Hast thou the pretty worm[2] of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN.

Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal;[3] those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEOPATRA.

Remember'st thou any that have died on't?[4]

CLOWN.

Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, —truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most falliable,[5] the worm's an odd worm.

CLEOPATRA.

Get thee hence; farewell.

CLOWN.

I wish you all joy of the worm. [*Sets down his basket.*

CLEOPATRA.

Farewell.

CLOWN.

You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[6]

CLEOPATRA.

Ay, ay; farewell.

---

[1] **Avoid:** withdraw. [2] **worm:** snake. [3] **immortal:** the Clown means "mortal," deadly. [4] **on't:** of it. [5] **falliable:** infallible. [6] **do his kind:** do what its nature dictates; act according to its nature.

CLOWN.

Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEOPATRA.

Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN.

Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA.

Will it eat me?

CLOWN.

You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress[1] her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEOPATRA.

Well, get thee gone; farewell.

CLOWN.

Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o'the worm. [*Exit.*

Enter IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c.*

CLEOPATRA.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings[2] in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist his lip:—
Yare,[3] yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath:[4]—husband, I come:

---

[1] **dress:** prepare (as for cooking).
[2] **Immortal longings:** longings for immortality.
[3] **Yare:** hurry; make haste.
[4] **their after wrath:** the wrath visited by the gods upon the dead who have been fortunate in life.

Now to that name my courage prove my title! [1]
I am fire and air; my other elements[2]
I give to baser life.[3]—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic[4] in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature[5] can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN.

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

CLEOPATRA.

This proves me base:[6]
If she first meet the curled Antony,[7]
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal [8] wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate[9]
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied! [10]

CHARMIAN.

O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA.

Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

---

[1] **title:** right. [2] **other elements:** earth and water. [3] **to baser life:** i.e., to be eaten by the worms. [4] **aspic:** asp. [5] **nature:** human life. [6] **base:** unworthy. [7] **curled Antony:** as a dandy, as she remembered him—"barber'd ten times o'er." [8] **mortal:** deadly. [9] **intrinsicate:** intricate. [10] **Unpolicied:** cheated (by an asp); wanting in strategy.

CHARMIAN.

O, break! O, break!

CLEOPATRA.

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

CHARMIAN.

In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows,[1] close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it,[2] and then play.[3]

Enter the GUARD, *rushing in.*

FIRST GUARD.

Where is the queen?

CHARMIAN.

Speak softly, wake her not.

FIRST GUARD.

Cæsar hath sent—

CHARMIAN.

Too slow a messenger. [*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

FIRST GUARD.

Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguiled.[4]

SECOND GUARD.

There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

FIRST GUARD.

What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN.

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

---

[1] **Downy windows:** soft-lashed eyelids.
[2] **mend it:** set it straight.
[3] **play:** an allusion to Cleopatra's earlier words.
[4] **beguiled:** cheated.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOLABELLA.
How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD.
All dead.

DOLABELLA.
Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this:[1] thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
[*within,* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!']

Enter CAESAR *and all his* TRAIN, *marching.*

DOLABELLA.
O sir, you are too sure an augurer;[2]
That you did fear is done.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Bravest[3] at the last,
She levell'd[4] at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

DOLABELLA.
Who was last with them?

FIRST GUARD.
A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.
Poison'd, then.

FIRST GUARD.
O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up[5] the diadem

---

[1] **thy thoughts/Touch their effects in this:** that is, what you imagined might happen has happened.
[2] **augurer:** prophesier.
[3] **Bravest:** noblest.
[4] **levell'd:** literally, aimed at; guessed.
[5] **trimming up:** straightening.

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,[1]
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.[2]

DOLABELLA.

Here, on her breast,
There is a vent[3] of blood, and something blown:[4]
The like is on her arm.

FIRST GUARD.

This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions[5] infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip[6] in it
A pair so famous. High events as these[7]
Strike those that make them;[8] and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented.[9] Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **like sleep:** as if she were sleeping. [2] **toil of grace:** snare of beauty and charm. [3] **vent:** discharge. [4] **something blown:** somewhat swollen. [5] **conclusions:** experiments. [6] **clip:** embrace; enfold. [7] **as these:** such as these. [8] **Strike . . . them:** affect those whose actions caused them. [9] **their story . . . lamented:** that is, there is as much to pity in the story of these two lovers as there is glory for him who brought them to this lamentable end.

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